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A Plea for Time by THOMAS MANN

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Another Lesson for Mr. Deakin

WHAT was it that brought the busmen and the dockers out on strike? Mr. Deakin has his answer pat. Speaking in Birmingham last Saturday he angrily denied that the members of his union who followed the militants' leadership have any genuine grievances whatsoever: the strikes were entirely caused by a Communist conspiracy. Mr. Deakin was answered from two unexpected quarters. On Tuesday, Sir Walter Monckton, speaking in the Commons, firmly recognised that the issue of voluntary overtime is a genuine grievance. On Sunday, Archbishop Griffin was still more outspoken. Preaching to trade unionists in Westminster Cathedral, he rebuked "certain unions which have achieved vast proportions and whose structure is suspect." "Union is strength," he observed, "but not when the structure and multiplicity of a union prove an obstacle to the welfare of its members." And he berated the leading officials and spokesmen for "inaccessibility to the ordinary run of members whom they represent," and "for rigid adherence to the principle that rules out the possibility of negotiation while the men withhold their labour."

The blunt fact is that the major cause of these stoppages is the Transport and General Workers' Union itself. In the case of the busmen, an unofficial strike was required to compel its officials even to admit that the men they are supposed to represent had a reasonable claim. As for the dockers, the acceptance of the leadership of a small rival union by thousands of loyal T. & G.W. members shows that something is very badly wrong. It is intolerable that London's public transport and the nation's export trade should be paralysed because Mr. Deakin refuses to learn the lesson of repeated rebellions among his members, and regards it as *lèse majesté* to suggest that his union was not immaculately conceived.

Two years ago a disinterested American social scientist, Mr. Joseph Goldstein, investigated the ramifications of this vast organisation. In a remarkable book (significantly entitled *The Government of British Trade Unions: A Study of Apathy and the Democratic Process in the Transport and General Workers' Union*) he reached conclusions identical with those of Archbishop Griffin. He was contemptuously dismissed, and the evils to which he called attention remain unremedied. Of course, Mr. Deakin is not the only big union leader who shows this dictatorial intolerance of criticism. Mr. Williamson of the Municipal and General Workers is just as bad. They should realise that the patience of the British public is not inexhaustible. By refusing to put their own house in order they are building up the case of the enemies of trade-unionism and creating a situation where their demand for a Royal Commission will be increasingly difficult to resist.

The Busmen Go Back

The decision of the London busmen to resume work was taken in face of a regrettably truculent statement by Sir John Elliot, Chairman of L.T.E., that there was "no room for any compromise." In fact, the resumption was based on a compromise: on the one hand, the men retracted the ban on overtime; on the other hand, the L.T.E. withdrew the emergency schedules whose introduction had been, in the men's eyes, the "last straw," and the Secretary of the Passenger Group of the T. & G.W.U. apparently gave an undertaking that the claim for 20s. a week increase already lodged on behalf of provincial bus crews would be extended to London. The problem of shortage of crews, of course, remains, and it is hardly likely to be solved by £1 a week increase in the basic wage. Some overtime and extra turns on rest days will in all probability have to be worked, over and above the 41-hour week. But if the basic earnings of drivers are raised to a figure not much below £9 a week, with overtime payments averaging perhaps 20s. a week on top of that, the bus crews will at any rate be making a reasonable income. By their protest the busmen have probably gained all they could.

The Suez Agreement

Colonel Nasser has driven a very hard bargain, and it will be interesting to see what the Tory rebels do when they read the detailed terms of the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement signed last Tuesday. They are far harsher than either the Bevin-Sidky plan of 1946 or the Neguib proposals so contemptuously rejected by Sir Winston only eighteen months ago. For instance, 54 per cent. of our troops must be out in twelve months' time, and all of them by June 19, 1956. They will only be permitted to return in the case of actual "armed attack" on Turkey or any member of the Arab League, and must withdraw "immediately upon cessation of hostilities." As for the peace-time control of the base, instead of the 3,000 British soldiers in mufti to which Sidky agreed, there are to be only 1,200 civilian British technicians, of whom 400 will be Maltese or Cypriots now resident in Egypt. Instead of the whole base being maintained, only a few big installations, including Tel-el-Kebir, remain in British hands under the management of civilian contractors. Everything else is taken over by the Egyptians, including all the airfields. Once again, as in the Nine-Power agreement on Germany, the statesmanship, on which Sir Anthony Eden is so warmly congratulated, consists in making concessions which only two years ago he himself was denouncing as outrageous sacrifices of vital British interests.

More Cars?

The Ford Motor Company's announcement of a £65 m. expansion programme, to be spread over the next five years, follows similar, though smaller, investment schemes by Vauxhall and the Austin-Nuffield combine. Such proposals to enlarge the car manufacturing capacity of this country raise important questions of public policy. There is an urgent need for capital investment in several branches of industry, not least in coal-mining and heavy engineering. In the absence, however, of central planning and controls, it is possible for a substantial part of our limited investment funds to be directed to increasing the output of passenger vehicles for which, in five years' time, there may be insufficient markets at home and overseas. Have these big manufacturers calculated that the market will absorb the total increase in production? They take heart from the present buoyancy of the "free" market and from hire purchase relaxations. Yet this may give way to a period of fierce competition, and they must hope that then they can seize a larger share of the market from their rivals. This question is prompted by recent developments in the U.S.; the race between Ford and Chevrolet, which together account for more than half the cars sold, has squeezed the "independents" down to less than six per cent. of sales. General Motors and Ford are doing well, while all the others, including Chrysler, are in trouble. The industry in the U.S. is already too large. Yet, at a time when sales have fallen by a tenth, and when the industry's labour force has been reduced by almost a quarter, huge investment programmes have been launched—$3,000 million by G.M., $1,500 million by Ford, and $300 million by Chrysler. The market has shrunk, and the fight for a larger share of it has led to serious over-production. It is significant that two of the companies which have planned to expand in this country are American satellites.

New Towns' Progress

The latest reports of the twelve New Towns in England and Wales show steady progress, if this is judged primarily in terms of houses and factories built, and of the headway being made with development of shops and town centres. The Corporations report that, for the first time since they were set up, there has been some stabilisation of building costs, and draw attention to the fact that the discrepancy between the rents they charge and those of local authority houses is much less marked. Rents have been held down, however, by reducing the high standards set at the outset. In much of the new construction the houses are smaller, the designs are much more modest, the finish is less satisfactory, and the density has been pushed up—from 9 to 14 houses per acre to as much as 18. High rents, moreover, have helped confine the intake to skilled workers; the proportion of unskilled and public utility employees is below normal, while all the Corporations have had great difficulty in getting middle-class or managerial tenants to settle in New Towns. The school shortage continues to be acute, especially on the secondary level, and the Corporations agree with their tenants that there is a serious lack of amenities for social and recreational purposes, despite the ingenious means which some Corporations have devised to meet a problem that cannot be dealt with satisfactorily so long as the Ministry insists that amenity buildings must be self-supporting. Road construction also presents difficulties; the Ministry of Transport is either unable or unwilling to meet the need of New Towns for bye-passes and roundabouts.

Bus Rides for Pensioners

Mr. Justice Vaisey has held that the provision of free bus travel for retirement pensioners is beyond the powers of the Birmingham Corporation. This case was brought by a ratepayer who claimed that the Corporation could not subsidise such free travel out of its rate fund, as it was doing, to the tune of £90,000 a year. The Judge pointed out that the Corporation was entitled to regard its revenue as indivisible, and that it was a matter of internal accounting whether loss sustained in the transport department was offset by a transfer from the revenue account. He has, however, upheld the claim that the scheme was *ultra vires* on the grounds that the Corporation is not free to discriminate between the users of its buses, though he conceded that there was no statutory objection to such discrimination. His decision has been based on an interesting thesis, which may be tested on appeal. While some precedents suggest that discrimination is permissible, the Judge argued that the Corporation seemed "to be attempting . . . to usurp the functions of the Legislature" by using local administrative methods to redress a nation-wide grievance. This, in his view, seemed to be opening the way to a kind of "spoils system"; Mr. Justice Vaisey considers that discrimination in favour of old people is not different in principle from a decision of the majority party in Birmingham conferring "pecuniary benefits" on its supporters, providing that it honestly believed that the electoral success of the party was "essential to public welfare." Afraid that a decision favourable to the Corporation would lead to "unseemly competition" between Parliament and local authorities, the Judge insisted that the Corporation could not relieve "economic disability." It is a matter for higher Courts to decide whether there can be any distinction in law between "economic disability" and the "special needs" of children and cripples, for whom the Judge was ready to admit the permissibility of a free travel scheme. One immediate question that arises is whether grants from local authorities to Old People's Welfare Committees may now be stopped on the application of economy-minded ratepayers.

NEXT WEEK

Mid-Autumn Books

PARIS

Radicals Become Radical

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Although M. Mendès-France is currently occupied with a whole series of pressing problems—the Saar, Morocco and the Budget—he has, in a sense, completed the first stage of his Ministry. The immediate objectives he outlined in his investiture speech have been attained, and this is, perhaps, an appropriate time to take stock of his personal position. The press is now overwhelmingly in his favour: of the ten main Paris dailies, five carry virtually no criticism of him, and of the remainder only *L'Humanité* is unequivocably hostile. This pattern is repeated in the provincial press and, to a less favourable extent, in the national magazines. In political circles, he is still regarded with dislike and suspicion—especially among the party leaders—but, as the debate on the London agreements showed, politicians no longer find it convenient to display these feelings in public. Indeed, there is mounting evidence that popular opinion is strongly in his favour. A poll taken by the French Institute of Public Opinion, published last week, showed that a national average of 62 per cent. were satisfied with the Premier's performance, with only 7 per cent. expressing dissatisfaction.

The poll revealed another fact which has a direct bearing on M. Mendès-France's political future—a pronounced shift to the Left by the Radicals. Some 52 per cent. of the Radical electors are in favour of the Government's economic and social policy (against 44 per cent. in the M.R.P.), and 25 per cent. even went so far as to criticise Mendès-France's refusal to accept Communist votes for his investiture. There is a marked tendency among the Radicals to draw towards the Socialists and away from the M.R.P.: a large majority regard Socialist participation in the Government as "desirable" and M.R.P. participation as "undesirable."

Not surprisingly, this shift in Radical opinion was reflected by the Party Congress, held last week. As Administrative President of the Party,

M. Martinaud-Déplat, Mendès-France's bitterest opponent, did his best to stage-manage the Congress. It was held at Marseilles, the centre of his personal political fief; two of his associates, Félix Gaillard and Henri Laforest, delivered the reports on internal and foreign policy; and the federations he controls received a suspiciously large influx of new members immediately before the Congress took place. (As only 2 per cent. of the Radical voters are Party members, this manœuvre was of some importance.) But once the delegates assembled, Martinaud-Déplat's original plan—to give the Government a chilly and critical endorsement—had to be abandoned. Messrs. Gaillard and Laforest spent a frantic night re-writing their reports and hacking out any depreciatory references to the Premier, and Government policy subsequently received the unanimous approval of the Congress. Despite his "packed" delegations, Martinaud-Déplat was only re-elected President by the narrowest of margins (indeed, his opponents, a curious mixture of young Left-wingers and septuagenarian malcontents grouped round M. Daladier, would have won the day had not Mendès-France—probably wisely—refused to intervene). Finally, Mendès-France himself was given an ovation, culminating in a speech in which he was designated by M. Herriot as his heir to the "spiritual leadership of the Party."

It would, of course, be unwise to read too much into this victory. The Radicals believe in being "all things to all men." Their sudden eagerness to clamber onto the Mendès-France bandwagon should not be interpreted as a profound change in the Party's political philosophy. Indeed, many of the speeches reflected perfectly the Party's characteristic (and carefully calculated) political schizophrenia. Despite these qualifications, however, it did mark an important stage in the transformation of the Radicals from a club for past, present and future Ministers into a political party in the modern sense of the term.

BANGKOK

The Opposition

A Correspondent in Thailand writes: A recent article in the *Hongkong Standard* bitterly attacked THE NEW STATESMAN. "Leftist publications in the West," said the writer, "direct their biggest criticisms not against Communist or pro-Communist regimes, but against non-Communist Governments which have set themselves firmly against Communism. The people of South-east Asia must be protected from Communist imperialism while they seek progress in the social and economic fields." Observers here can see little evidence of any "search" for such progress on the part of the Thai Government. Anti-Communist liberals in Bangkok certainly have no confidence in the ability of the present regime to fight Communism, with or without Seato. The following is typical of several articles by a well-known liberal writer in an influential newspaper: "The Government, instead of proving by actions that it is the true champion of democracy, has, by sheer misguided propaganda, created the belief that it is a mere regime fighting Communism for the safety of its own skin. There is an alarming tendency in Thailand today to identify Communism as a force fighting against the present Government, which to a considerable number of people represents mismanagement, oppressive taxation, high cost of living, and oligarchic control of political power with its resultant graft and corruption."

Many political observers here, including some top-level men in the Foreign Office, have doubts whether the present Government can last. "If our American advisers would make it quite clear to our rulers that further aid and support will not be continued if genuinely free elections are not held, we might get a sound liberal-democratic group into power," one of them confided in me recently. "Former liberal leaders like Seni Pramoy and Khuang Aphaiwongse (who headed Governments in the short post-war period when political parties were allowed) are still remembered and trusted by the people and could get overwhelming support."

Socialists—followers of Pridi Pamonyong, who has several thousand supporters—are convinced that the present rulers will never relinquish their power voluntarily; and the Communist Party, with only a few hundred members is too weak to be regarded as a real political force. Many former prominent Socialists are leaving Thailand for an unknown destination from which propaganda activities are being organised. They are quite emphatic on two points: (i) That Pridi is not a Communist but a Socialist; (ii) that there will be no invasion of Thailand by Chinese or Viet Minh troops. "What is to be done will be done by our own people," one of them assured me. "We already have our people in the North-east and there will soon be more. The people there live in great poverty and they can see no hope from the present Government." Certainly a popular opposition movement is being organised, though it is still small and weak.

MADRID

The Spanish Succession

A Correspondent writes: Don Juan de Bourbon is the third son of the late King Alphonso 13. The first son was killed in an automobile accident in Cuba, the second married a German opera singer (thereby disqualifying himself, since the Pretender must be married to a Spanish, Catholic woman), while Don Juan de Bourbon also stepped aside when he issued an anti-Franco Monarchist manifesto in Lisbon in 1946. He made it clear then that were he to come to the throne, basic the features of the Franco regime would be swept away. This does not mean that Don Juan is a left-winger; he is, in fact, more absolutist and reactionary than Franco!

But Don Juan has a sixteen-year-old son and it is on this boy that Franco has now centred his hopes for the restoration of the House of Bourbon. Young Don Juan Carlos has received his secondary education in San Sebastian under the supervision of Army and Church, and is now ready to begin his higher education. Franco's plans for the future of the young Pretender are for the boy to spend two years in a military or naval academy as a cadet. After this preliminary discipline he will attend a university course in "general culture," and then enter a college of engineering to "learn to appreciate the technical character of industrial civilisation." When Don Juan Carlos ends his training he will be 22 and Franco will be a mellow 67. After six years of closely supervised training there is little doubt that the young prince will become a useful instrument in the hands of the Caudillo.

The strongest opponents of restoration are the Falangists. They feel that with things as they are now, the Church and the Army have too great a say in the political life of the country and they are solidly against any increase in their share of power. The Falange wants the establishment of a strong presidential system with a permanent Cabinet and Civil Service. Franco has been very skilful in avoiding clashes between his followers, but this time he seems to have definitely taken sides with the Church and the Monarchists.

WESTMINSTER

On the Periphery of Events

Within moments of the return to Westminster the time track of Parliamentary life has resumed its slow unwinding as though it had never been interrupted. There is the old smell of furniture polish and dehydrated air in the Chamber. In the library there is the same soft shuffle of footsteps over the carpet, the same sighs of creative effort as pens scratch over paper. "Dear Minister, I write on behalf of. . . ."

The same characters go through the familiar old performances. Sir Winston plays for a laugh in answer to questions. Sir Waldron Smithers assures Sir Anthony Eden that he enjoys the heartfelt gratitude of the nation. One begins again to enjoy the illusion that we are sitting at the centre of power at the centre of the universe. Then the even, neutral tones of Sir Walter Monckton enunciate what we already know, "The great port of London is today at a complete standstill." We are only on the periphery of events; the real centre lies in the cross-eddies of confused loyalties and unsettled grievances being discussed in cafés and at wharf gates from Tilbury to the Pool.

Sir Anthony summarises the London talks on German rearmament. Clement Attlee non-committally suggests a debate, Hugh Gaitskell and Aneurin Bevan ask what the new proposals will cost the British economy, although probably with different motives. For a moment we might almost be at the centre—but again reality steps in. We are neither the Chamber of Deputies nor the Bundestag. We may have front seats at the show but we cannot get in on the act.

Soon with the opening of a new session we shall have our little say on one thing at least. Labour Members will re-elect their Parliamentary leadership. Attlee remains, of course, unchallengeable. And Aneurin Bevan will not be opposing Herbert Morrison as deputy leader, even though he has done so previously in order, as he then said, to affirm the principle that party leadership should be challenged so that selection would be by ballot and not by acclamation. For the rest there will probably be little change, unless Sir Frank Soskice suffers from his recent excursions into political theory.

Sir Frank enjoys great personal popularity, which he has earned for the long hours spent in the Chamber and in Committee at some personal financial sacrifice. He was almost conscripted on to the Parliamentary Executive by many people who saw in him a moderate and uncommitted figure to whom the Party might want to turn in the event of a destructive clash between Aneurin Bevan and Hugh Gaitskell at some future date. It is said, however, that in recent speeches he has cast his mind to consideration of the Labour Party's role in British politics. He appears to have advanced the thesis that in domestic politics Labour has achieved its major aims, and there remain only nuances of difference between the Labour Party and the Tories; that one aim of the Labour Party must be to reduce the income tax to 7s 6d within a generation: at a higher figure tax-evasion is rampant. In foreign affairs a prior aim of the Party, according to Sir Frank, must be the overthrow of Soviet Communism which, on his analysis, has imposed a totalitarian dictatorship upon a Russia which, with a Duma, was more democratic. This philosophy is hardly likely to rejuvenate Parliamentary opposition nor to inspire those who still believe that it is Labour's role to set about building an egalitarian society. Still, it is a point of view, and Sir Frank has, at least, made his political position clear.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The New Statesman and Nation, October 23, 1954

The Oppenheimer Story

1. THE HYDROGEN BOMB.

"In the present international situation our security measures exist, in the ultimate analysis, to protect our free institutions and traditions against oppressive totalitarianism." It is an irony of history that the Loyalty Board, which denied the U.S. Government the services of its most eminent physicist, should have begun its findings with these words. Seldom can proceedings, purporting to defend free institutions, have been so charged with totalitarian tendencies.

Anyone who buys the two official documents* can now read the verbatim report of these proceedings in which practically every American physicist of any distinction, representatives of the Army and Air Force, and such eminent personalities as Mr. Lilienthal, Mr. Gordon Dean, Mr. George Kennan and Dr. Conant, each gives his view on Oppenheimer and the H-Bomb and is submitted to ruthless cross-examination. Of course this document, which runs to 1,050 closely printed pages, has told the Russians far more secrets than any spy could have smuggled out of Los Alamos. Nevertheless, I believe its publication will be more helpful in the battle against totalitarianism than any security system. It will enable Americans to pass judgment not only on Dr. Oppenheimer but on those who attacked him, and even more important, on the concept of loyalty under which he was found guilty. Those who have the cause of American freedom at heart should read it page by page. All I can do here is to summarise the story it reveals and draw a few tentative conclusions.

The Oppenheimer case began last November with a letter addressed to Edgar Hoover by a Mr. Borden, who for some years had headed the staff of the Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy and thereby obtained access to the F.B.I. files. Despite the fact that Oppenheimer had been investigated and cleared when he was appointed Director of Los Alamos, then cleared again in 1947, Mr. Borden wrote that it was his "own exhaustively considered opinion, based upon years of study of the available classified evidence that more probably than not J. Robert Oppenheimer is an agent of the Soviet Union." The list of specific charges which he appended contained nothing new, with the exception of the accusation that Oppenheimer had "deliberately delayed the production of the H-Bomb."

When this letter was presented to Mr. Eisenhower, however, he at once ordered that Oppenheimer's clearance should be suspended pending another investigation; and on December 23 the manager of the A.E.C. communicated to him the "derogatory information" which the Commission would present to the Security Board. As with Mr. Borden's letter, the only new charges related to the H-Bomb. Specifically, Oppenheimer was now accused of opposing the Super-bomb "(1) on moral grounds, (2) by claiming that it was not feasible, (3) by claiming that there were insufficient personnel and facilities to carry on the development, and (4) because it was not politically desirable." Further, it was charged that, as chairman of the Scientists' Advisory Committee, he had discouraged scientists from working on the project after the President's decision.

The hearings took place during April and May of this year; and at a rough guess I would estimate that half the time was spent on Oppenheimer's Communist associations. The other half was devoted to reconstructing the secret controversy which broke out in August, 1949 (when the Russians detonated their first A-Bomb) and ended six months later with President Truman's announcement that he had decided to go ahead with the production of the H-Bomb. The Air Force was quick off the mark. It at once proposed a "crash" programme, i.e., to give the production of the H-Bomb super-priority, whereupon Mr. Gordon Dean, head of the A.E.C., asked his Advisory Committee for its advice. After three days of intense discussion, this group of physicists—which included such men as Rabi, Bethe, and Fermi, as well as Oppenheimer—unanimously decided to oppose the Air Force plan.

Though the paper in which the scientists submitted their conclusions is a secret document, which could not be published in the transcript, the Committee's arguments can be reconstructed from the lengthy testimony of each of its members. In the first place, they pointed out that, though research on the "Super" had been proceeding ever since Los Alamos was started in 1942, the technical obstacles to producing a workable weapon had not been resolved; indeed, the only H-Bomb they could then make would weigh at least 65 tons. On the other hand, really startling success had been achieved since 1945 in the development of new atomic weapons for use in "conventional" warfare by all the three Services; and they emphasised that such weapons might well provide the solution of the two main unsolved problems which faced the Western alliance:—(1) How to enable a small Nato army to defend Western Europe against Russian predominance in manpower, and (2) how to build any adequate air defence of North America. They therefore reached the conclusion that the scanty supplies of plutonium then available would be best used in continuing the production of tactical weapons and should not be diverted for a gamble on the "Super" which might not come off.

The scientists next turned to political and moral arguments. They pointed out that, even if the "Super" were made, it would provide no deterrent against local Communist aggression, since it could only be dropped in a world war and then only on a very few targets. Would not the decision to give it super-priority imply a change from a defensive strategy to a strategy of preventive war, which so far from encouraging America's allies might well scare them into neutralism? If America went in for the Super, Russia would certainly follow suit and the temporary advantage would soon be cancelled out. If, on the other hand, America concentrated on tactical weapons, it was by no means certain that the Communists would not do the same. Moreover, in their view it would be morally wrong to carry warfare into a still more horrific dimension until one further effort had been made to reach some agreement with the Russians which would prevent its manufacture. That effort, they suggested, might take the form of a declaration by the President that the United States would not test an H-Bomb unless the Russians did so; and they pointed out that this would be a "self-policing disarmament convention," since it is possible to detect at once when an H-Bomb test has taken place anywhere in the world.

In retrospect the advice given by Oppenheimer and his colleagues was astonishingly far-sighted. By starting the H-Bomb race, the U.S. has achieved no extra security but has, as they predicted, scared her allies. Even the Pentagon is beginning to realise this. When I was there a month ago, and asked a prominent Air Force General what effect the H-Bomb would have on strategy, he replied laconically: "It's too big, and, now the Russians have it, it cancels out." This of course was wisdom after the event. At the time, the scientists' arguments were apparently accepted by very few, apart from Mr. George Kennan, who in 1949 was still Mr. Acheson's right-hand man. Here is part of his remarkable evidence at the hearings:

> It seemed to me that there was unclarity in the councils of our Government as to the reasons why we were developing these atomic weapons. Were we holding them only as a means of deterring other people from using them against us and of retaliating against any use of these weapons against us? Or were we building them into our military establishment in such a way that we would indicate that we were going to be dependent upon them in any future war, and would have to use them, regardless of whether they were used against us first?
>
> *Question:* Have we not taken the position that we would only use them for purposes of retaliation?
>
> *Kennan:* That is not my impression. . . . If I remember correctly, I was able to cite statements that had been made by some of our high military leaders which indicated very strongly that we were getting ourselves into a position where we would have to use these weapons as forward military weapons, regardless of whether they were used against us. . . . It was my belief that we should hold these weapons only for purposes of retaliation and as a deterrent, and that anything else would get us into a race to which I could see no end, and which would distort the thinking of the public mind about foreign policy and military policy.
>
> *Question:* You will have to explain a little more what you conceive to be the relevance of this question to the question of whether or not we ought to proceed with making hydrogen bombs.
>
> *Kennan:* As I saw it, the relevance was this. If you were asked, should we or should we not proceed to the development of a whole new range of more powerful weapons, you had to ask yourself how much do we need the weapons of mass destruction in general, because, if you already had enough, perhaps you did not need the H-Bomb at all.

This kind of argument was hardly likely to please the Air Force. General Wilson—who testified on its behalf and described himself as "a dedicated airman and a big-bomb man" saw in it a veiled attack on strategic bombing, and it is clear that General Vandenberg was furious at the mere idea that a body of long-haired intellectuals should try to deny him the most potent offensive weapon in the world. So the Air Force returned to the attack, briefed by Edward Teller and a small clique of scientists who had been disgruntled by the pre-eminence of Oppenheimer and now freely accused him of exercising undue influence on the other members of the Committee. Finally, in January, 1950, the Air Force won, and the President made his announcement. Oppenheimer at once offered his resignation—which was refused—whereupon he and the rest of the Committee accepted the decision and the work began. There followed nearly a year of frustration, during which no progress was made with the project, and then quite suddenly the technical problem was solved, partly owing to an invention of Teller's.

After painfully reconstructing this story, the Loyalty Board began to draft its findings. It was in a terrible dilemma. There was no evidence to show that Oppenheimer had exercised undue influence on his colleagues, who proved themselves men of courageously independent judgment during the hearing. (Before Mr. Priestley writes any more about scientists, he had better read this transcript and see for himself how magnificently they can behave.) Nor could it be shown

* In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer: *Transcript of Hearing before Personnel Security Board*; and In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer: *Texts of Principal Documents and Letters.*

that, once the President had made his decision, Oppenheimer had done anything to frustrate it. On the other hand, it was incontestable that he and his colleagues, *before* that decision was taken, had done everything in their power to prevent the "Super" being made; and that, under the concept of the New Loyalty, is itself a major crime. The Loyalty Board's conclusion was that Oppenheimer is an absolutely loyal citizen and has always shown himself perfectly discreet in handling secret information. However, since he could not be acquitted, they found him to be a bad security risk on the remarkable ground that he had delayed the production of the H-Bomb "*by departing from his role as scientific advisor to exercise highly persuasive influence in matters in which his convictions were not necessarily a reflection of technical judgment and also not necessarily related to the protection of the strongest offensive military interests of the country.*"

Even Admiral Strauss, who heads the A.E.C., could not accept the view that it is an act of disloyalty to seek to achieve a proper balance between offence and defence in American strategy! When the Commissioners came to pass final judgment a few weeks later, they felt compelled to drop the charge of delaying the H-Bomb. In its place they substituted a completely new crime. Dr. Oppenheimer, they now stated, "is not entitled to the continued confidence of the Government because of the proof of fundamental defects in his character." The consideration of what they meant by this, I must leave till next week.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A Plea for Time

These reflections on German rearmament, by Thomas Mann, have been slightly abridged, and are translated from the French version which is appearing in the Paris journal L'EXPRESS.

THE trend of world affairs is menacing, pregnant with disaster. Mankind—its moral standards and equilibrium shattered by two world wars—is divided today into two camps whose terribly strained relations threaten a catastrophe of such dimensions that a death blow to civilisation would be dealt. The principal frontier between these two camps passes right across unhappy Germany. The problem of the hour is the contribution of Western Germany to the armed forces of the Free World—forces aimed at guaranteeing a peace in which, incidentally, no one believes.

Let me be clear. I am by birth a German; consequently I am a European and a Westerner. Finally, by nationality I am an American. Naturally, therefore, I am interested equally in Germany, Europe, the West and the United States—to say nothing of humanity. If, in what follows, I support convictions which are not those held by the Government of the great nation across the Atlantic—a people whose essential characteristic is kindness and good intentions—I am writing in no spirit of hostility. On the contrary, I am certain that I am serving equally the definite interests of America if, in defiance of the conformism current in the U.S., I dissociate myself fairly and squarely from present opinion there.

Do Western Germans want rearmament? Can they be so blind as to wish for war? No, they want war no more than the French; and their reasons are identical and equally compelling. Moreover, since they cannot wish for war, rearmament—regarded as a step towards war—must appear in their eyes, exactly as it appears in France, undesirable and to be looked on with profound suspicion.

When I say "their" eyes, I am naturally not referring to every citizen of the Federal Republic. It is common knowledge that, in the course of recent years, men and groups who were rightly "liquidated" in the downfall of the Hitler regime have reappeared on the forefront of the stage. But if these evil elements have risen again to the surface, they have not been carried there, this time, by fanatical masses behind them. They have not been put in power, as happened in the years before 1933, against the wishes of the democratic world—a world, then, of divided opinions and partly paralysed will, which believed it could not intervene. This time it is rather the powerful champions of the world of democracy which have dismayed and scandalised the hitherto peace-loving majority of Western Germans by putting back in the saddle yesterday's mortal enemy, under the mistaken idea that he could become an invaluable ally against the mortal enemy of tomorrow.

What would happen if yesterday's enemy proceeded—the power once given him—to put his forces at the disposal of the only alliance which could assure the recovery of lost territories? What if that old enemy chose recourse to violence and the launching of a war which nobody could be mad enough this time to call preventive? These questions might well be asked; but in contradistinction to what happened in the early Thirties, foreign influences have acted, and continued to act in Germany in such a way as to produce this "underground current" of political life—with results only detected clearly by world opinion when, within their limits, they had been accomplished. It would be a grave phenomenon if there were no hopeful trend in the other direction.

The economic recovery of Western Germany has been called "miraculous": the epithet is deserved only with qualifications. There is, however, another development in Western Germany so rare in its history that there is something indeed a little "miraculous" in it—the resurgence of German Social-Democracy. The Socialists have learnt the lesson of history and of its past failures. The Party has emerged wiser and more resolute: all the evidence shows that it knows what it wants and is expressing its will with increasing clarity—and the results are to be seen in its recent electoral gains in Schleswig-Holstein.

I have in front of me a document entitled "The Essen Proposals." It was drafted last July by a group of Social-Democrats and Socialist theorists. Prefaced by the statement that the intention is to "examine the position of the Party in relation to the crucial questions of the hour," the Proposals begin with the following declaration of principles:

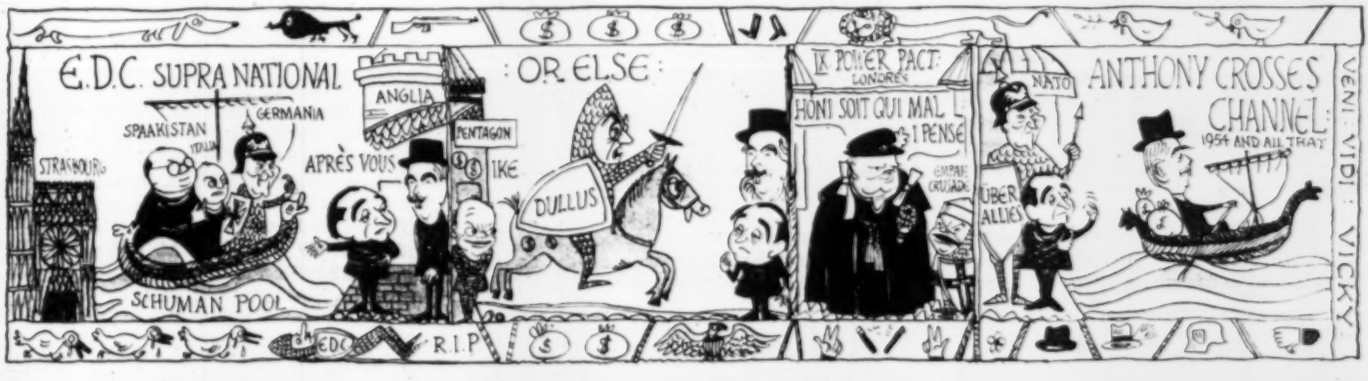
> In the face of this mortal danger [a new world war] the maintenance of peace must be the first essential objective of our political action. The best means to secure this end is, in our view, a policy of friendship and understanding with all the nations of the world—a policy which takes into account their present political structure and social order. Convinced as we are of the danger and menacing character of militarism, as well as of the absurdity of any act of violence against the international "co-existence" of peoples, we solemnly renounce power politics.

This declaration of principles is followed by a "plan for the unification of Germany" into whose details (with some of which I disagree) I cannot enter here. The following passage seems to me, however, to be of interest:

> In 1945, we Social-Democrats recognised sincerely that the victorious Powers had the right to exercise over our country a control aimed at preventing the recrudescence of German militarism and the fatal threat against world peace which such a revival would imply. From the instant, however, that these Powers abused the right thus given them by employing it for the actual encouragement and sustenance, both psychological and material, of German militarism, they forfeited any title to prolong their occupation of Germany.

There follows a demand that all foreign troops should be immediately evacuated from German territory; and, though there may be a number of practical objections to the immediate carrying out of this course, I find the argument valid in principle. The Proposals continue:

> We renounce the re-establishment of a German army: it would conflict directly with our repudiation of power politics; and, given the present direction of West German foreign policy, it would constitute a perpetual threat to Europe. In return, rejection of rearmament by Germany should make it easier for the Powers to agree on withdrawal of troops from Germany. An unarmed Germany would satisfy the legitimate desire of our neighbours for security and would frustrate once for all the particular hopes of certain Occupying Powers who would like to see their own strength increased by German rearmament.
>
> For the internal security of Germany a strong police force is adequate. Our repudiation of the policy of force implies also the renunciation of the manufacture of weapons of mass destruction.



Bayeux Tapestry—Slightly Restored

German science, technical knowledge and industry must serve the cause of raising the standard of life for our own people and for other people who wish to develop, in friendly competition with us, comparable conditions of cultural and material life.

Such, according to the "Essen Proposals," is the foreign policy of the German Socialist Party. As for the Western Powers with which, according to the Proposals, a unified Germany would be desirous of living in friendly relations, France, of course, comes first. . . . So long as France and Germany are at loggerheads, Europe is threatened. . . . France, I have no doubt, after the trials she has undergone, has the right to oppose German rearmament, however much she may desire a better understanding with Germany. I trust that France will realise that, as the attitude of the S.P.D. shows, there exists in Germany also goodwill and a commendable opposition to rearmament. The majority of Germans want to hear no more talk of war; they want to live, to work and build. Renouncing power politics, they want to attain only the power which is the natural and legitimate result of hard work and honest activity.

About five years ago, when I had reached my 75th year, I delivered a speech in which I made a little grace-offering to Time. Time, I said, works for all of us: it is a precious gift bestowed on us to the end that we may become better, wiser, more mature people. Given time, the very thought of a third world war will appear one day to be the criminal folly, the mass suicide, which it is. In the situation which confronts the world, no problems can be solved by bloodshed. Gradually, but irresistibly, time will bring the whole world round to this opinion. Time's action is silent and powerful: it can repress human desire to secure at all costs justice for one's cause, it can solve crises, and it can bring about a great reconciliation of mankind in a "World Socialism"—achieving a new synthesis of all the contradictory conceptions of democracy, liberty and equality. Heaven grant us Time!

THOMAS MANN

London Diary

READING my newspapers last Monday morning the idea suddenly struck me that the Press Council need not confine its activity to the reproval of journalistic vice; why should it not commend the ticklish task exquisitely performed? On the leader page of *The Times*, for instance, there was to be found that morning an example of fine craftsmanship which surely earned a medal for its anonymous writer. His job was delicate; he had to convey Sir William Haley's view that Sir Anthony should now take over No. 10, but of course, without adding his voice to the vulgar Fleet Street chorus which for months has been telling Sir Winston to go. To do this in proper *Times* style demanded in the first place a headline which should be simultaneously clear and ambiguous; the single word "Penultimate?" struck precisely the muffled note required. But that headline was far excelled by the text of the leader. First a long and deliberately uninspired discussion of the Cabinet changes; then followed a disarming, obsequious panegyric on Sir Winston, and finally, at long last, the sting in the tail. "Nobody for a moment believes that he will stay in office a moment longer than he feels he has something vital to contribute. But considerations on a lesser plane cannot be altogether ignored. The ultimate object of politics is government; the purpose of parties is to obtain power; to this end elections have to be won, and often the electorate is seemingly ungrateful." The view that the Prime Minister is now so far past it that he has become a grave electoral liability could not have been expressed with more wounding tact. Once turned in the wound, the stiletto is then withdrawn with the soothing final words: "All lesser mortals can say is a word of thankfulness that the decision is not theirs to make." Good old grandmother *Times*!—There is still no one in Fleet Street who can compete with her in the art of getting off the fence in time for the kill.

* * *

Is there any reason to think that Sir Winston will heed all this kindly advice from the Press pundits and the jostling politicians? Why, after all, should he go? Time for one more shuffle. So Sir Anthony remains heir apparent—what patience one needs in politics!—and Harold Macmillan moves one step towards the Foreign Office by way of the Ministry of Defence. Selwyn Lloyd, having had just long enough to show how able and progressive he might be in the foreign field, is, incontinently, switched to Supply. Over the domestic jungle, Mr. Butler reigns unchallenged monarch. His men hold all the junior appointments. Of the other changes, the most important is the decision to merge Food and Agriculture, or, as one might say, to give notice to the consumers that their interests are now finally to be subordinated to those of the farmers. The only important surprise is Sir David Maxwell Fyfe's decision to accept political oblivion on the Woolsack. No one would have prophesied this. He is no great lawyer; while, in the House, he has been the Tory Party's chief stalwart, and seemed to have before him any of the Cabinet's glittering prizes. As for the rest, I wonder whether Gwilym Lloyd-George's appointment to the Home Office will make very much difference to any of the great controversial issues that have recently arisen there? Is the Home Secretary deciding policy or are the permanent officials in charge? If Lloyd-George prevents Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth talking sheer unadulterated rubbish about Civil Defence, he will earn the grateful approval of us all. Even more shall we rejoice if his appointment exorcises the censorious ghost of Jix which, after an interval of thirty years, has arisen at the Home Office to haunt and harass the lives of reputable book publishers.

* * *

One question to be put immediately to the Home Secretary is why our police are co-operating in the continued persecution of Owen Lattimore. That they are doing so was revealed in an editorial in the *Manchester Guardian* on October 20. It appears that in search of evidence against Mr. Lattimore, the British police have been going round with American officials catechising publishers and others about Mr. Lattimore's writing of twenty years ago. It is also clear that the U.S. Attorney-General's idea of proving that Mr. Lattimore perjured himself is to quote articles in which he warned the United States that American policy was based on an underestimate of the Chinese Communists! That the Attorney-General is inspired by electoral, rather than legal, motives, was also shown by an unhappy broadcast by Mr. Rover, his assistant, who tried to justify the further prosecution of Mr. Lattimore. Does the promotion of such activities come under the mutual aid agreement of "Interpol," the international police clearing agency? At the time of the Cort case, I recall, there was uneasiness about the way in which the Birmingham police had acted on behalf of the American Embassy, and Sir Maxwell Fyfe was himself disturbed about the matter. M.P.s have now a duty to get it properly cleared up.

Of all the criminal cases that can end in a jury's failure to agree on a verdict, you might think that the charge of publishing an obscene libel was one in which the prosecution should then be dropped. Mr. Justice Devlin made it plain, in his summing-up in the case of *The Image and the Search*, that whereas the jury must take their law from him entirely, the facts of the case were in the book itself. "And we've both read the book," he said. "This is not a case where I ought to express an opinion—there are twelve of you to do that, and I'm not going to be the thirteenth voice." Indeed there was not the possibility, unavoidable in so many criminal cases, that any juror could have been wrongly seized of the facts: last week they all went home with the book under their arms, and there are no other facts in the case. On Monday they considered their verdict for five hours; and the jurors, whoever they were, who thought *The Image and the Search* was not such a book as to "deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort might fall" still remained of that opinion at the end. Why can't the Director of Public Prosecutions accept that? There is to be a new trial, and the whole process will be repeated from the beginning with twelve more unsuspecting ratepayers. If a jury, which is the law's own ideal of a cross-section of the public, can't agree to condemn a book that has been highly praised, why go on calling other juries until you get a combination that will?

* * *

In July of this year Mr. Ivison MacAdam had served for twenty-five years as Director-General of the Royal Institute for International Affairs. I understand that he is now resigning his highly paid and influential post. The Director-General has to keep in touch with official people, both at home and abroad, and consorts much with the great business and other organisations which corporately subscribe to the funds of Chatham House. He must be more than "a good administrator and fund raiser"; he needs a sufficient standing and personality in the sphere of international affairs to maintain the unafraid attitude and independent policy which is what such an Institute should guarantee its members. Unlike the B.B.C., which is, inevitably, somewhat muffled by the pressure of Parties and the fact that it is addressing a vast, uninformed public, Chatham House has no need to fear the criticism of the ultra-respectable; it owes its select and supposedly expert audience the most complete candour. Professor Toynbee, who has finished his ten volumes of erudite and systematised speculation, will also be retiring in another twelve months. It will now do Chatham House no harm if his place is taken by a less famous scholar, with more time for the organisation of research.

* * *

You would expect an official University magazine that was bound to print match results, lecture lists, bumping-race diagrams and the University Sermon to be as dull as a Whitehall handout. But the *Cambridge Review* has usually been readable, and occasionally witty and outspoken. As its special 75th anniversary number informs us its editors have nearly always been young dons and research fellows. They have included Erskine Childers, McTaggart, Cornford and Michael Redgrave. This special number reprints, for instance, S. C. Roberts's lines on P. G. Wodehouse's Oxford degree in 1939:

> You must wake me with the Oolong very early, brother Jeeves,
> You must iron the special shirting and put cuff-links in the sleeves . . .

—but the prize piece, to my mind, is G. G. Coulton's review, in 1920, of Belloc's *Europe and the Faith*: vintage Coulton, which deserved resurrection.

* * *

Would anyone have believed that Sir William Hayter, our usually sensible Ambassador in Moscow, would join with the American and French Ambassadors in walking out of the Burmese Ambassador's dinner party? Has no British Ambassador met socially the Ambassadors of enemy countries, and does "co-existence" not include having a meal with Governments which exist, whether we "recognise" their right to do so or not? U Ohn, who was universally popular as Ambassador in England, must be bitterly hurt at this rejection of his effort at bridge-making, and the effect of the incident in Asia can only be just what the Communists desire. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

If hydrogen bombs were exploded over this country, he added, we should all be involved in a complete transformation of our way of life.—Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth opening a C.D. headquarters, reported in *Sunday Despatch.*

Ten guineas a week for busmen! Even people with brains cannot always earn that.—Letter in *Evening News.* (Ruth Collins.)

"You are the most vital craft organisation in the co-operative movement," said Mr. W. P. Dodds, C.W.S. director, proposing the toast of "The guests" at the Co-operative Funeral Service Managers' Association annual banquet in Torquay.—*Co-operative News.* (Leo Hughman.)

Some readers had denounced reports of changes of sex, but it did not appear that these would excite reckless imitation, and the Press Council would be against any veto on such reports.—*The Times.* (H. J. Frisby.)

Oil Paintings.—Two required, essentially colourful and interesting, 65in. high, 50in. wide (larger if reducible); state subject and price.—Advt. in *The Times.* (F. L. Mayer.)

Harvest 1954

WHAT is described as the worst harvest in living memory is reluctantly coming to an end. Farmers have received more publicity and more sympathy than they are accustomed to, but much of the publicity has misrepresented the true facts, and most of the sympathy is uninformed. This is not surprising, for farming is a complex business, and cannot readily be explained in a few paragraphs, nor can it be understood by those whose closest contact with the land is their boiled egg on the breakfast table and the sight of cornfields from the window of coach or railway carriage.

It is the arable farmer who is first feeling the effects of the harvest. For he relies on the sale of his corn in the autumn to bring in enough ready cash to pay off the debts he has accumulated during the past twelve months—debts incurred mainly in the purchase of seed and fertiliser necessary for producing the crop, to pay his rent or mortgage interest, and to provide the store of working capital to start growing next year's crop.

It is not realised by many people how much money has to be invested in producing an acre of corn. To bring it to the point of harvesting, about £20 must be laid out. This means that the comparatively small field which one sees from the roadside represents an investment of between £200 and £300 on the part of the farmer; while the family farm of 100 odd acres in the East Midlands may well have spent £1,500 on the corn crop alone—and this before harvesting starts. In a normal year the cost of harvesting will be between £5 and £7 10s. an acre; and the farmer can expect a return which will enable him to pay off all his out-of-pocket expenses, and leave him at least £5 per acre over out of which to pay for his own living expenses, and to find the money necessary for improving his efficiency.

This year the wet harvest has in many cases doubled the cost of bringing in the corn, and, what is far more important, has so reduced the yield that the farmer may well be faced with a net loss of several pounds per acre. In the case of this same East Midlands family farm, the loss will perhaps be £200 or £300. This is the sort of thing which most farmers will recognise as one

HEADLINE

"Hitler officially dead."—*Manchester Guardian.*

They told me, Mister Hitler, they told me you were dead,
They gave you just a paragraph and what the Court had said:
How, according to investigations duly carried out,
For all official purposes you're dead beyond a doubt.

At Berchtesgaden, where they met to ascertain your fate,
They satisfied the claimants to your chattels and estate
With a proper death certificate to prove that you had died—
And the Twilight of the Gods became a sordid suicide.

It made prosaic reading of a saga and a dream,
But I looked at all your Generals—a formidable team—
I saw the Mosley Circus getting busy once again,
I saw Malan, McCarthy and the little chap in Spain.

I took a peek at Syngman Rhee, that ardent democrat . . .
It seemed to me the District Court was talking through its hat:
From Cape Town to Korea, from Formosa to Madrid,
Your old *Hauptleidenschaft* lives on, if ever spirit did.

So now that you are lying there ("the biggest lie is best")
A handful of grey ashes, so deceptively at rest,
Still are your myrmidons at work, your sentinels awake—
For Death, who takes so much—alas!—some things he cannot take.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

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of the natural hazards that are an intrinsic part of farming; but on top of it comes the difficulty, and in some cases, the impossibility, of selling their corn now that the Ministry of Food is no longer the buyer, and the Government's interpretation of guaranteed prices is being made to conform to free market principles.

The arable farmer is far from being the only sufferer. Although most of our farms grow some arable crops, on the majority of them livestock is the most important enterprise. For the livestock farmer, particularly in the North and West, the hay crop outweighs the corn crop in importance, since it is hay which provides the main fodder for the cattle during the winter. In many districts much of the hay is a complete loss, and after the expenditure of many expensive hours in cutting, raking, and turning, it has had to be burnt. For those who have been luckier, the cost has been universally higher and the quality so bad (the goodness having been leached out by constant rain) that there will have to be heavy expenditure on bought-in feeding-stuffs if the cattle are to maintain their output and condition. Already hay is being quoted at £20 a ton (last year it was between £6 and £8 a ton) and many farmers who normally look to their own fields to provide all the fodder that they need during the winter, will have to spend hundreds of pounds during the coming months to keep their animals alive.

These immediate effects of a few extra inches of rain are serious enough, but the toll of damage does not stop here. Farming is a continuous process; and as soon as one year's harvest has been gathered preparation for the next must start. When harvest ends at its normal time—the third week in August in the early districts, and a month later farther North—the farmer starts immediately to plough his land so that the late summer sun will kill the weeds and provide a cleaner and healthier seed bed for the next year's crop. This year there has been no chance of this cleaning operation, so that the wheat which is drilled this autumn will have a worse start in life than it normally would have. To add to this handicap, weeds which are normally smothered by a good healthy corn crop have this year been able to grow above the corn, and have dropped their ripe seeds on to the ground before the corn has been fit to cut, thus once more adding to the competition. And to make matters still worse, few farmers will be able to sow their winter corn during October so that it will have a chance to get well established before the winter; instead it will go in a month later than usual.

These handicaps are not insurmountable. A heavier seeding rate and a more generous application of fertilisers at the time of drilling can make up for late sowing and the competition of winter weeds. More spring cultivations and a more liberal use of the weed-killing sprays, as well as heavier dressings of nitrogenous fertilisers in the spring will further help. But all these things cost money, and a farmer who has difficulty in meeting the commitments entered into on account of last year's harvest is naturally loth to borrow still further when there is no hope of getting his money back for at least twelve months. This understandable reluctance is further accentuated by the general uncertainty about future marketing arrangements, and the lack of confidence which is never far below the surface in the farmer's consciousness. Today it is now being brought well into the foreground, not only by the difficulties of marketing wheat, and by the delays in making the deficiency payments, but also by the pig muddle, and by the very serious losses which many pig producers (and particularly the smaller ones) are now suffering from as a result of their successful response to the Government's appeal to produce a million more pigs by 1955.

Looked at in its full context, the harvest of 1954 is doing more than causing temporary worry to a few farmers and removing a few feathers from an over-stuffed bed. Even apart from problems of marketing, it is something which will cause very serious hardship to the majority of farmers, and in particular to the small men, who usually have a narrower margin to fall back upon than do the larger ones. And it will have, too, an important effect upon next year's harvest. Taken in conjunction with the agricultural policy of the present Government, it will cause a marked decline in agricultural output, further accentuate the flight of labour from the land, diminish the capital investment in agriculture without which increased efficiency cannot be achieved, and thus throw us to an increasing extent upon the world market at a time when world food prices may start again to rise and when competition for exports becomes more severe. Sympathy for the farmer is well justified, but it may well be the consumer who, in the long run, will pay the highest price for this summer's weather.

H. D. WALSTON

African Kingdom

(By a Special Correspondent)

THE Emperor of Ethiopia was assured of a great welcome in England: there is still general admiration for the stand he took against the Fascist invasion. Since little is known about Ethiopia, this feeling is extended to his regime, which most people believe to be modern, progressive, and an example to Africa. A stay of eighteen months in Addis Ababa has convinced me that this is a seriously mistaken view.

Haile Selassie is a remarkable man. He has sound political judgment and is well educated. Certainly no other Emperor could wield the absolute power which he does so effectively and, even on occasion, mercifully. He has maintained some form of centralised administration and communications network. This is an achievement where feudal social foundations, diversity of races and creeds, and geography itself threaten to split the Empire into its natural parts—the highlands, the Eastern desert and lowlands, and the wild, coffee country of Western Ethiopia. The Emperor's outstanding ability in dealing with the Western Powers, on which his career has been founded, has enabled him to get foreign aid of all kinds. In spite of the Coptic Church, reactionary, archaic and a powerful landowner, he has laid the foundations of a modern educational system, which includes a Technical College, nine secondary schools, and a Jesuit "University College of Addis Ababa." He keeps the portfolio of Education and is certainly the most hardworking member of the Cabinet. He has great personal charm and is very kind. He also does attempt to adjust the worst cases of individual injustice brought to his notice. It is a measure of the strangeness of Ethiopia that this kindness is often shown by the removal of chains from an aged prisoner or the care and education of a son of a political opponent now dead or in prison.

Ethiopia is fantastic; it is Alice-in-Wonderland mixed up with dirt, Greek coffee merchants, missionaries and Point Four experts. The feeling that it is unreal, so strong in grotesque Addis Ababa, is difficult to convey. It takes a long time to adjust oneself to what are normal standards in Europe—where hyenas are not protected by law as unpaid scavengers, the post office is a more reliable source of stamps than an Armenian shop, the mayor of the city does not vanish overnight, one may walk out at night and there is no midnight curfew, and where there is no Big Brother. For Haile Selassie's picture is on every wall—even those of private houses. By law all businesses and bars must display it, and the number of *tejbeits*, or huts selling liquor, is untold. He is the chief topic of conversation, for it is safe and necessary to praise him on all occasions; inevitably, he is also the chief topic of gossip.

It was a young Ethiopian intellectual who first pointed out to me the close analogy between Ethiopia and Spain. Castile rests on the backs of the hardworking Basques and Catalans. The Amharas grow rich on the spoils of the lowlands and the hard work of Gallas, Tigreans and the Guragi "coolie" caste. Most of the revenue is derived from Customs charges, yet there is a large smuggling monopoly in Dire-Dawa which makes fortunes for one of the powerful racketeers, just as prominent Spaniards have become wealthy from control of smuggling into Spain. There are five main spoken languages and many different races with a history of separatism. The analogy is complete when it is realised that modern Ethiopia, created and maintained from 1942 to 1950 by Great Britain, which equipped and trained her army and police force, is rapidly becoming one of the unofficial colonies of the United States.

Ethiopia, with her strategic position and her potential mineral and agricultural wealth, was coveted by many countries—France, Italy, Great Britain: all of these have controlled, and in some measure still influence the policy of the dictatorship; but America has gradually ousted the other countries. Point Four aid was extended to Ethiopia from 1953; an American military mission arrived, that year, to train the Ethiopian army; and the only oil concessions have been given to American companies. The U.S.I.S. is the chief public library, and American missionaries are very powerful. Even those expelled in 1950 at the instance of the Coptic Church are now back. The Emperor paid his first visit abroad since 1942 to Washington, not to Great Britain, which had given him back his throne. He can offer concessions—uranium, for instance—in return for capital. The Ethiopian dollar, backed by the Imperial gold monopoly and also by coffee sales on the New York market, did not devalue with the pound; the notes are printed in America. The country is richer than Liberia and of greater strategic importance. Certainly for the past year details have circulated in Addis Ababa of a proposed military alliance of which Ethiopia stands in great need; the Army is not strong enough at present to make the roads safe for travellers, nor to control Gojam or the Somali Issa country (where it has suffered defeat after defeat in the past three years) and the Eritreans.

The great majority of the population remained neutral or apathetic in 1935. The Italians were harsh in Shoa but treated the majority of the people better than the present regime. Especially, the Tigreans and the Muslims—the Gallas of Jimma and Harar and the nomads of the coast and lowlands—were better off. For the Italians built roads, bridges, hospitals, power stations; they introduced the efficient marketing of coffee, and there was work for everyone. Now, where it has been possible, these peoples have been dealt with in a medieval fashion, especially the Tigreans in the North, and the Dankali, whose Sultan Mohammed Yau, an ally of the British during the War, died mysteriously in prison after being captured in 1943. Muslim schools have been closed, their leaders are dead or imprisoned, and the teaching of Arabic is forbidden. The Sultanates, autonomous under Menelik, no longer exist. In Christian Tigre and the pagan Boranna country conditions are worse. The usual argument is that

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ICI

Islam is dangerous because of the spread of ideas stemming from Egypt, but this cannot excuse the police State which has been erected since 1942.

The history of the country until that time is quite well known although the sources may not be easy to get. But since then there is no reliable information except the import-export figures of the efficient Ministry of Commerce. Even the population of Addis Ababa is not known. Government statements are simply propaganda and crudely false. Most books since the war have been written by sycophants or employees. There is no local press: only official books, bulletins, and the Government weekly *Herald*, appear. There is no network of correspondents, and an arbitrary censorship edits all pictures and stories going out. Perhaps the absence of news in England is due to a self-denying ordinance. The use of British planes to suppress the 1945 revolt in Makalle, the war in Issa territory, the movement of smuggled goods to Kenya, the many assassinations and attempts at assassination in Eritrea (including, last year, Tecla Bairou, the Emperor's representative) would be of interest to some people here. Yet the press prints only Palace hand-outs.

The number today of privately owned wireless sets is small. Most people depend on the diffusion service of Radio Addis Ababa, which, like the cinemas and the secret police, is a legacy of the Italian occupation. The history taught in the country is mythical and has a strong political motive. *Ethiopia*, the official name as opposed to the more correct Abyssinia, is claimed to include all territory between Madagascar and Alexandria; Haile Selassie is given a mythical descent to justify his occupation of the throne. He is alleged to have reconquered the country with his own army There are no political parties or independent associations. The Parliament and Cabinet in Addis Ababa are chosen by the Emperor. Anyone who is out after midnight without a police pass is arrested. Trade unions are, of course, illegal, and the strikes in January and February of this year, which ranged from Dire-Dawa to Djibouti, Assab and Massawa, were crushed viciously, even by African standards. The judicial system dates from 1943 and is largely concerned with land, the chief motive for murder and robbery in the provinces.

Why do the Ethiopians abroad keep silent? The answer is that before any young man is sent overseas to study he must fulfil the following conditions. He must be sponsored by a Ministry, and is thus hand-picked, not necessarily for ability. He must have a strong man supporting him to get a passport and an exit visa. And he must produce Ethiopian citizens who will provide a financial deposit and also answer personally for his good behaviour. Except for those few young men who have escaped to Cairo or Khartoum the hundreds of students abroad are naturally quiet.

In these circumstances, many of the minority peoples of Ethiopia, especially the young men, look hopefully to the Soviet Union—although Communism is officially banned. The Greater Tigrean party is said to draw funds from Russian sources; and certainly numerous young Ethiopians receive teaching in the Russian language at the Soviet hospital and Information Bureau in Addis Ababa.

THE CHURCH

I saw a steeple turn around,
Open wearily,
Let the bats out of the belfry,
Then, as if tired of pointing to the sky,
Rest its weather-cock upon the burial ground.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Right-Wrong Test

(By a Legal Correspondent)

As the dust gathers in England on the report of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, it is mortifying to see that the United States courts are actually adopting its recommendations about the M'Naghten Rules. In *Durham v. United States*, 11859 U.S. App. D.C. (1954), heard on 1st July, the Court quoted this passage from the Gowers Report:

> The gravamen of the charge against the M'Naghten Rules is that they are not in harmony with modern medical science, which, as we have seen, is reluctant to divide the mind into separate compartments—the intellect, the emotions, and the will—but looks at it as a whole and considers that insanity distorts and impairs the action of the mind as a whole.

The Court was hearing the appeal of Monte W. Durham, a man with a bad criminal record and a long psychopathic history, who had been convicted in the Columbia District Court of housebreaking, despite his plea that he was of unsound mind at the time of the offence. And one of the grounds on which his appeal succeeded was that the M'Naghten Rules, which prevail in most of the United States as in most other countries where the English Common Law has been adopted, "are obsolete and should be superseded."

Judge Bazelon, allowing the appeal, referred to the M'Naghten Rules as "the right-wrong test." It was approved in the District of Columbia in 1882, he said, as the exclusive test of criminal responsibility until 1929, when the defence of "irresistible impulse" was also admitted. "The right-wrong test," he said, "has its roots in England. There, by the first quarter of the eighteenth century, an accused escaped punishment if he could not distinguish good and evil, i.e., if he 'doth not know what he is doing, no more than a wild beast.' Later in the same century, the 'wild beast' test was abandoned, and 'right and wrong' was substituted for 'good and evil.' And towards the middle of the nineteenth century, the House of Lords in the famous M'Naghten case restated what had become the accepted 'right-wrong' test in a form which has since been followed, not only in England, but in most American jurisdictions, as an exclusive test of criminal responsibility:

> the jurors ought to be told in all cases that every man is presumed to be sane, and to possess a sufficient degree of reason to be responsible for his crimes, until the contrary be proved to their satisfaction; and that, to establish a defence on the grounds of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of the committing of the act, the party accused was labouring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing, *or, if he did know it*, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong."

It is only nine years since the District of Columbia Appeals Court began to call the "right-wrong" test into question. In the case of *Holloway v. United States*, 80 U.S. App. D.C. (1945), it had this to say about the effect of insanity on the mind as a whole:

> The modern science of psychology does not conceive that there is a separate little man in the top of one's head called reason, whose function it is to guide another unruly little man called instinct, emotion or impulse in the way he should go.

And recalling this in the *Durham* case on July 1, Judge Bazelon quoted Mr. Justice Cardozo's *What Medicine Can Do for the Law*, and the Gowers Report itself, as "convincing evidence that the right-and-wrong test is based on an entirely obsolete and misleading conception of the nature of insanity. "The science of psychiatry," he said, "now recognises that a man is an integrated personality, and that *reason, which is only one element in that personality*, is not the sole determinant of his conduct. The right-wrong test, which considers knowledge or reason alone, is therefore an inadequate guide to mental responsibility for criminal behaviour."

The Court thought the medical evidence about Durham's mental history was overwhelming, and that its failure to fit the M'Naghten Rules was a condemnation of the Rules themselves. His appeal was allowed; and though, by contrast with English Common Law procedure, that means that he is now to be retried on the same charge, the court that tries him will have the clearest possible direction from the Appeals Court that the M'Naghten Rules are not the appropriate test of his guilt.

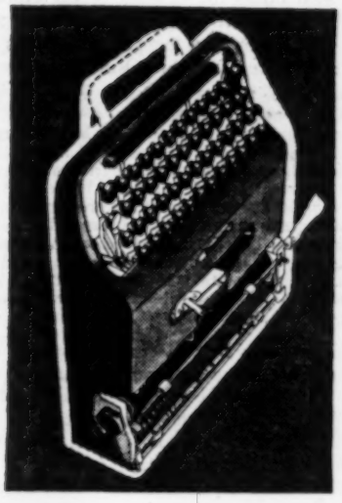
The law of insanity as an answer to a criminal charge was further considered in two subsequent cases in the same Appeals Court—*James R. Wear, Jr., v. United States*, 11761 U.S. App. D.C. (1954), and *Willie Lee Stewart v. United States*, 11891 U.S. App. D.C. (1954), decided on July 22nd and 15th respectively. *Wear's* case involved housebreaking, larceny, forgery, and uttering. He was found guilty and sentenced to a term of imprisonment of not less than sixteen months or more than four years, having been refused an opportunity for psychiatric examination under a statute of 1949 which gave him that right. Judge Bazelon's remarks in this case again went to the heart of the problem:

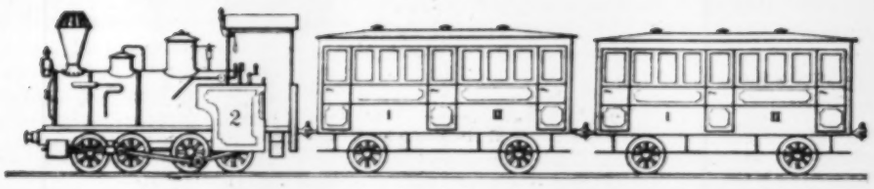
> Realistically, there is little incentive for a competent accused in a non-capital case to seek a finding that he is mentally incompetent to stand trial, since such a finding (a) does not relieve him of responsibility for the offence with which he is charged, (b) may result in the confinement of one who has previously been admitted to bail, and (c) gives the court the power to commit him to an institution . . . until he is competent to stand trial; and therefore, instead of reducing the possible period of confinement, may well enlarge it greatly. Hence it can hardly be used as a device to avoid punishment.

Again, therefore, a new trial was ordered. In *Stewart's* case, which involved a death sentence for first degree murder, there was medical evidence that, although he was suffering from manic-depressive psychosis at the time when he undisputedly did the killing, he probably knew right from wrong. For the defence it was said that he was unable to control his conduct in the light of such knowledge; and for the prosecution, that he was not under the pressure of an "irresistible impulse." The judge's instruction to the jury was found to be fatally defective on this, largely because he had embarked on definitions of "mental disease" and "mental disorder" which not only confused the jury, but were, in themselves, erroneous. The jury had been told that it was only if the appellant suffered from an abnormality due to physical deterioration of or injury to the brain that he could be acquitted. He, too, is to have a new trial.

Two further quotations from these important cases will show how the United States courts are likely to approach this problem in the immediate future. The first, from Judge Bazelon in *Durham's* case, quotes with approval from the Gowers Report itself:

> It would be impossible to apply modern methods of care and treatment in mental hospitals and, at the same time, to maintain order and discipline, if the great majority of the patients, even among the grossly insane, did not know what is forbidden by the rules and that, if they break them, they are liable to forfeit some privilege. Examination of a number of individual cases in which a verdict of guilty but insane was returned, and rightly





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returned, has convinced us that there are few indeed where the accused can truly be said not to have known that his act was wrong.

The second offers the opinion of the Appeal Court of the District of Columbia as to the direction that might now be given to juries in place of the archaic M'Naghten Rules:

> (1) If you believe beyond reasonable doubt that the accused was not suffering from a diseased or defective mental condition at the time he committed the criminal act charged, you may find him guilty.
> (2) If you believe he was suffering from a diseased or defective mental condition when he committed the act, but that the act was not the product of such mental abnormality, you may find him guilty.
> (3) Unless you believe beyond reasonable doubt either that he was not suffering from a diseased or defective mental condition, or that the act was not the product of it, you must find the accused not guilty by reason of insanity.

No one imagines that in England, where the only comparable source of fresh vigour for the Common Law is the Court of Criminal Appeal, any judicial attack on the sacrosanctity of the M'Naghten Rules is possible. Here, since the remedy must be statutory, there is work to be done on the solid mass of uncritical complacency that shies away from every long-standing injustice as having "stood the test of time." Over here, we are still executing proved mental defectives who, seeing and knowing it to be wrong to kill, nevertheless compulsively kill. The Gowers Report finds acceptance elsewhere.

Do it Yourself

A SUBJECT that ought to be beckoning the social anthropologist is the fluctuating proportion of citizens (male and female, with the male today, I think, slightly predominating) unable to knock a nail in straight or change a tap washer. The fluctuations almost certainly follow the curves of industrial change and the redistributions of wealth and leisure; but at the moment there is clamant evidence of a resurgent desire to "be your own craftsman," a powerful reaction against the mass-production of household commodities. It is fostered by and reflected in such agencies as "Inventors' Club" on television, the great and deserved success of the English Universities' Press "Teach Yourself" books (more than 5,000,000 copies in sixteen years), the tortuous ingenuity of the people who have now for many months contributed "Bright Ideas" on household convenience and improvisation to the correspondence pages of the *Star*, and the Second International Handicrafts, Homecrafts, and Hobbies Exhibition which was recently staged at Olympia.

It is an aspect of shorter working hours. With more time on their hands, people are either too short of money to "get a man in" whenever a sash-cord breaks or too concerned with what the money could do to brighten their longer leisure. But "Do it yourself," now becoming one of the great slogans of economic history, has a creative rather than a mercenary origin; the cushioned and gadgeted householder has got up from his chair to look for rougher and longer-lasting work than the pressing of switches.

And the mass-producers have been watching him. This creative urge is all very well so long as it is not allowed to affect the regular market. Any considerable making of chairs and tables at home might become a disturbing factor. As soon as any slack began to appear, therefore, the manufacturers began to take it up by the simple expedient of eliminating, in respect of a carefully judged proportion of their products, the last two or three touches on the assembly line and selling the goods technically unfinished. The stark simplicity of modern furniture made this a simple matter. You could buy your table top and screw the legs into it at home ("All you need is a screwdriver"), assemble your own bookcase by blueprint, paper a ceiling in a dance frock, paint your own bright pictures by numbers ("Training? Needless. Be your own artist today"), and plug in your own potter's kiln to a fifteen-amp point in the kitchen. By your own industry at home when you might have been resting, you perhaps released other workers who might have been toiling for you. And what would occupy their new leisure? Home industry.

The Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies has just reported that more and more people are forming "self-build" housing societies, established to enable members to build for their own occupation. There are now 137, with 2,778 members, and their buildings are worth £653,000. (The twenty members of the Brighton Ex-Service Men's Housing Society, Ltd., for example, started to build their own homes in August, 1949, and finished them in just under the budgeted two years.) Every member of a self-build housing society has to fulfil his working obligations as a condition of getting a house, but this is merely the logical extension of a rule that is inexorable in every do-it-yourself undertaking.

Among the more interesting secondary consequences of this householders' revolution is a great increase in the production of labour-saving tools for home use, many of them displaying an inventiveness that borders on the ludicrous. The do-it-yourself market is the trying-out ground for many of these, though they take about ten years—the ratchet screwdriver is an example—to find favour with the "professionals." Many of them are patented and remain relatively expensive, while the unprotected and more obvious ones set out for a big sale before the "inferior imitations" (which are sometimes superior) bring the price sharply down. They have little sale among master-men in the dourly conservative building, decorating and furnishing trades, but it is interesting to find that many professional painters and decorators, when they renovate their own homes in their leisure hours, discard the brush because they can do the work in a quarter of the time with the new sheepskin rollers.

The sale of small electric drills, capable of bench use to drive lathes or miniature circular saws, has greatly increased in the last five years, and a new one comes on to the market almost monthly. The manager of a service garage told me recently that there has been a steady fall in the number of people resorting to public garages for small drilling or brazing jobs—"and most of my clients," he said, "seem to have fixed these new rear reflectors they've got to have on their cars." I know two men who provided themselves with the funds for a family car holiday abroad by doing the whole of their own house decorations last year. At the Handicrafts Exhibition recently, a man showed how he built his own refrigerator in seven hours, four minutes, thirteen seconds, with an occasional glance at a stop-watch. He exhorted an audience to do the same.

As for the people who are still unable to ease a tight drawer or unstop a drain, a fluctuating aristocracy as I have said, these seem to fall naturally into two classes. One class, though decently ashamed of an ineptitude for which there is usually not much excuse, never quite gives up trying and is surrounded in its homes by pitiful examples of elementary disrepair or botched postponement. The other, butter-fingered by natural selection, is not above recognising a crude poetry in the horny-handedness of others, but makes a

patrician virtue of necessity by keeping its own hands soft. The two classes have one thing in common. In the most elementary emergencies of household maintenance, they mutter, "I must get a man in." And they are a dwindling race of men.

C. H. ROLPH

The Burghers of Calais

WHEN I was a child I had a history book in which there was a picture of Queen Margaret and the Robbers. She was a handsome woman, dressed very decently as a Victorian matron; she had a distraught expression. She was in a clearing of a wood of huge, dark trees, all very "horrid" in Horace Walpole's sense; and she was standing gallantly between her children and two excessively threatening ruffians. The kind of history implied by this picture is the only kind I like—the kind Gibbon, Motley and even, for all his protestations of objectivity, Thucidides wrote. It has been, and is being, put out of favour by history-as-science, product of the immoderate industry of numerous historians who insist on our being impartial and sensible: no Queen Margaret and the Robbers, no Alfred and the Cakes, and no Burghers of Calais.

It was Voltaire, I think, who pointed out that all armies are the best army in the world, or words to that effect. This is obviously good for morale. The case of the Burghers of Calais is of the same order. The Rodin sculpture commemorating them is outside the town hall at Calais, a pleasing building in the St. Pancras Station taste, but with an even more entertaining clock-tower. In front of it are gardens; these are a triumph of "bedding out," densely massed geometrical parterres of flowers carefully chosen for their robustly incompatible colours. The Rodin group stands in the middle of this chromatic discord.

Now in my Queen Margaret and the Robbers book it said that, when Edward III had taken the town, which was at that time a member of the Hansa, he was going to kill the leading citizens, presumably for having resisted his arms. These were the famous burghers. But, again according to my book, Edward's Queen—I cannot remember her name; was it Phillipa of Hainault?—begged the burghers' lives of the King; and he graciously granted them.

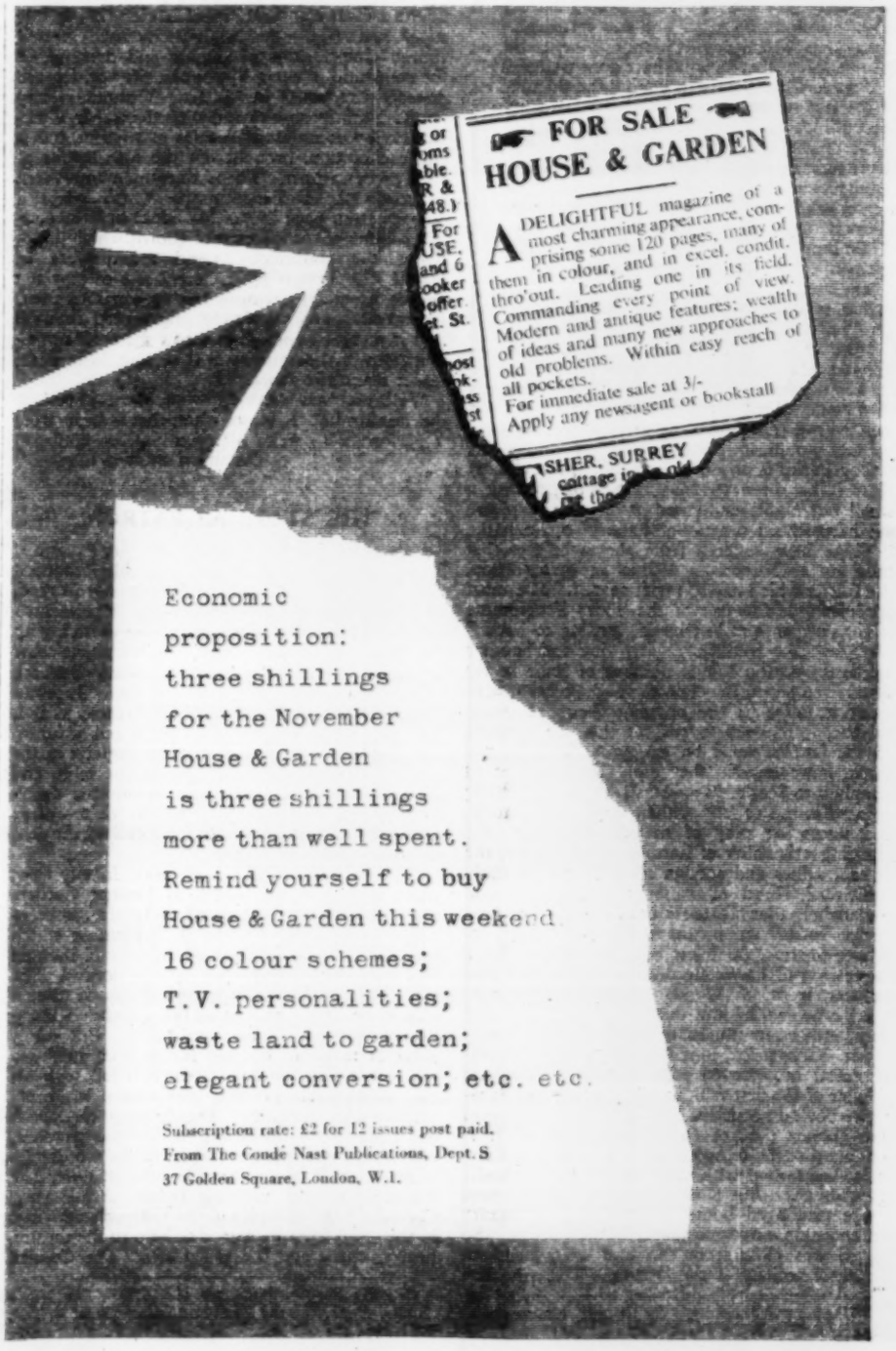
This is an edifying story; and it is peculiarly suitable to the English tradition. The burghers, being in trade, were no doubt despicable, but still they were human beings; and although the first impulse of an irritated aristocrat, who had been seriously inconvenienced by their insolence, was to have their throats cut, it was very proper that, at the urging of his gentle and, of course, well-bred wife, he should let the fellows off with a shrug. They were only a lot of rascally shopkeepers, and a knight did not take revenge on such creatures.

If, however, we had an impartial Unesco kind of history and it plumped for this story as the truth, it would serve *our* purpose but hardly that of the citizens of Calais. They needed a very different version of the story, and thus, just as noses were clearly made so that we could wear spectacles on them, they have such a story. For the *plaque* on the plinth of Rodin's group informs the citizens of Calais that the burghers there depicted "sacrificed their lives" for their fellow citizens. In short, the Calais version of the story is also edifying, but not in the same way. An aggressively republican, implacably bourgeois people can have nothing to do with a story distinguished by a clement great lady and a knightly monarch: what *they* need is a story of sturdy tradesmen heroically defying aristocratic tyranny. Which is exactly what they have.

This kind of history serves a purpose; it re-creates and continues two admirable traditions. The truth, if we could have it, which, thank God, is not the case, would almost certainly be merely sordid. ("Edward, I think you had better not kill these people; in the present state of the financial market, you will find it very difficult to borrow money from anyone else." "My dear, you must leave these business matters to me. I shall never have such an opportunity of getting rid of some very troublesome creditors and putting the fear of God into my own merchants of London; they've been getting far too uppish lately.")

History should stimulate the imagination and nourish ideals, not inform the mind, which has already too much present information to cope with. There ought to be as many versions of an event as there are peoples to dwell with pride upon them. True, this is only safe provided that you never teach military history. If, under Unesco auspices, all the historians in the world would agree to represent all the soldiers in history as the pack of ruffianly cut-throats they certainly must, among other things, have been, there would surely be no objection to the rest of the great imaginative literature we call history representing events in whatever manner was best calculated to elevate the mind of each community, regardless of what the other communities believe.

EDWARD HYAMS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The Arts and Entertainment

SCARLATTI AND MR. KIRKPATRICK

IT is curious to observe, over the years, the rise and fall of musical reputations; not only those of our contemporaries, which are naturally in a state of flux, but those of composers of the past. I have sometimes been tempted to wish that one could speculate in musical values, as in artistic. In the late twenties I should have invested heavily in the shares, at that time to be had for a song, of Bellini, Rossini and Verdi of the early and middle periods. My Verdi shares would have proved a goldmine; and if I had been firm enough to hold on to my more speculative Bellinis and Rossinis, they too would be coming along nicely just about now. These gains would have been offset, no doubt by other and less fortunate purchases over which memory draws a veil; still, on balance I feel that I should have done well enough.

If we look for a pattern behind the fluctuations of the last fifty years, at least two elements are perceptible: the greatly increased interest in music of the more distant past, from Gregorian chant right up to the beginning of the nineteenth century; and—a parallel and connected phenomenon—the revolt against the dominance of German taste as crystallised during the age of Brahms. The swing away from a rigidly German view of musical history has been accentuated by the belated rise of a school of Italian scholars, and scholarly performers, who have begun to display to the world the buried treasure of the older Italian music. Though Italy was the cradle of all modern musical forms, her composers have for long been absurdly underestimated. Monteverdi and Vivaldi are the two men whose reputations have most spectacularly soared; a radical reconsideration of the genius of Boccherini is probably overdue; and for many years it has been virtually impossible, among a small but highly cultivated group, to overpraise the harpsichord sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti.

These have suffered from the mere fact that they are so numerous: 545 in Longo's edition, the fullest which has so far appeared. The most conscientious follower of the Third Programme never feels that at last he is "getting to know" his Scarlatti. Initiates eagerly ring one another up to report the Longo number of some newly discovered jewel; the concert public, content with what it hears in the opening group of piano recitals, is inclined to suspect that the raptures of the faithful must be exaggerated. I do not think, however, that they are. To plunge at all deeply into Scarlatti's sonatas is to be perpetually amazed at the variety of their mood and content, the unceasing play of melodic invention, the startling originality of harmony and rhythm, the abrupt sallies and sudden silences, the intensely individual blend of panache and poetry and melancholy that fills these brief pages. The long series forms an inexhaustible microcosm, of whose secrets we have been made free by a succession of harpsichordists and scholars. The pioneer work of Wanda Landowska has now been crowned by the dual achievement of that great American musician, Ralph Kirkpatrick.

Mr. Kirkpatrick, long known as a fine harpsichordist, has proved himself to be a musical scholar of the first rank in a brilliant and authoritative book on Scarlatti,* to which he has devoted the greater part of some twelve years. It is seldom that the temperaments of scholar and virtuoso are united within one individual; paradoxically, however, Mr. Kirkpatrick has emerged from these prolonged bouts of research and literary composition twice the player he was before. So much was clear from the first of his current Scarlatti recitals at the Wigmore Hall; the last of the three will take place this Friday, and I urge those who can get there to give themselves the rare pleasure of hearing such a player in such music. Mr. Kirkpatrick has all the manual dexterity and bravura called for; he also shows a mature grasp of style, and a poetic apprehension of mood, which remove from a succession of twenty short sonatas the least suspicion of monotony.

Indeed the dominant impression at the Wigmore Hall was of the continual element of surprise in this music—a surprise sometimes so vivid as to send delighted smiles round the audience. It is easy enough to write a surprising musical sequence, just as it is easy to say something surprising, provided that we don't mind whether what we say is also true or relevant; in music, as in conversation, delight arises from the unexpected phrase which also proves to have been exactly to the point. Such witty touches are a feature of Scarlatti's musical personality, and doubtless derive in part from the uncommon mixture of Italian and Spanish elements in his style, and from the multiplicity of external stimuli—impressions of singing and dancing, of the court and of Spanish popular life—which are discreetly reflected in his art. Without at any point superimposing extraneous effects, Mr. Kirkpatrick, by countless delicacies of rhythm, touch and registration, brought out the full flavour of each piece in turn. There were moments when he made the audience gasp, as (to adapt a passage from page 297 of his book) in "the sudden cannon-shot explosion of chords which punctuates the continuous rapid semiquavers of Sonata 427 (Longo 286): here I like to play the chords exactly in tempo, but to separate them by a brief and completely unprepared interval that is just long enough to throw the basic movement out of time and send it reeling, as it were, under a sudden shock."

Well, that was precisely what Mr. Kirkpatrick did last Friday. It is not often that we can trust a performer to write his own concert notices!

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

* *Domenico Scarlatti.* By RALPH KIRKPATRICK. *Princeton University Press: Oxford.* £4.

THE STATE AS PATRON

ONCE again the Arts Council presents its annual report; once again it is an admirably produced little volume,* a pleasure to look at and to read, illustrated with Miss Drummond McKerrow's lucid and illuminating diagrams, and written with the pungency and good sense which we have come to expect from the present Secretary-General. When, from time to time, the Council comes under the fire of Philistines, it is treated as if it were a huge squanderer of immense public funds, and since those who treat it so are experts in the craft of making the small appear the large and the unimportant the important, the mud is always in danger of sticking. So it cannot be too often reiterated that the total sum managed by the Arts Council is only £785,000.

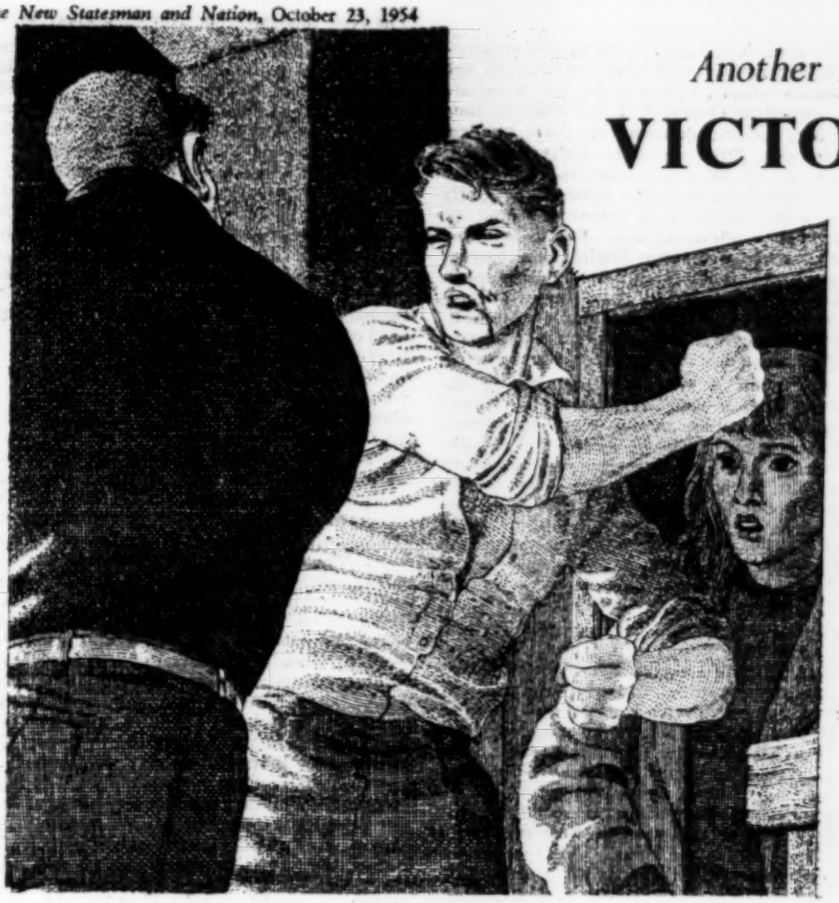
A large bulk of this grant goes, in any case, more or less automatically to Covent Garden, the Old Vic and the leading orchestras, none of which could exist without the allotment which the Arts Council administers, in spite of the fact that they all play almost to capacity houses. The case for this allotment (except of course that it should be larger, as it is in other civilised European countries) is now established. But surely there is much to be said for at least doubling the sum which the Arts Council is left with for the encouragement and promotion of other smaller-scale activities. For in most cases it is not a matter of subsidising the esoteric pleasures of minority groups, but rather, in the words of a leading article from the *Manchester Guardian*, maintaining "the growing points of the arts." Consider four examples of the Council's activities in this kind from its record of help to the theatre, poetry, music and the visual arts. The Council offers guarantees against loss to theatre managements for the production of selected new plays and offers grants to selected managements to enable them to commission new plays. It has offered and awarded two poetry prizes of £255 each for a book of poetry, one from an established writer, one specifically for a *first* book of English verse. In music the Council makes a grant of £650 to the Society for the Promotion of New Music which sounds to me as if it is doing invaluable work. A panel of its experts reads all manuscripts submitted and recommends a chosen few for public rehearsal. The works chosen are played before an audience of interested persons. Painters are helped by the policy of paying hiring fees to living painters and sculptors whose works are included in any Arts Council exhibition; rents for the hiring of pictures in the current year amounted to over £1,700, and in the same year the Council spent £1,842 in adding to its own collection of living artists. In all, the Council has spent this year some £10,000 on activities which foster "the growing points of the arts." Would £20,000 spent on this object be a gross national extravagance?

It is argued that there is a danger in patronage being dispensed by one body—the danger namely that one particular kind of taste, a coterie kind perhaps, alone gets patronised. The Secretary-General is well aware of this danger and has, I think, several convincing answers. As a general argument he reminds us that patronage has always been, and must by its nature always be, capricious; the Council, being a responsible body, is a good deal less likely to be so than some of the most famous of private patrons have shown themselves in the past. Still the danger is there, and the Council guards against it as well as it can. It co-opts an advisory Panel for each of the arts; the pictures to be bought or shown are selected by a sub-committee of the Arts Panel, the plays to be subsidised by a committee from the Drama Panel, and so on, while the Panels change their composition each year.

Indeed one of the points that particularly recommends itself about the present policy of the Council is that it sets its face against centralisation. Its policy seems rather to be to disengage itself as far as it can from direct management of any activity, and instead to put its weight and such small financial help as its resources allow behind activities that are struggling along on their own feet. It tries, in short, to help only those who first help themselves. With this end in view the Report this year throws out the suggestion that people in provincial centres who care about the arts should organise themselves into voluntary committees—a civic Arts Trust is the name that is suggested—to survey the local field, to consider what annual provision of the arts their city enjoys or lacks at present and to see what can be done about remedying the defect. A great deal of wise and helpful advice is given on how such Trusts might be formed and the sort of function they could fulfil. Certainly it is true that ten or a dozen powerful provincial Arts Trusts of this kind would form important bastions.

Another extremely interesting plan which was adumbrated in the last Report and is considered in a little more detail here is the idea of a theatre grid for provincial repertory. The disadvantages of repertory as at present conducted are well known. Separate companies struggle against the tide of rising costs to produce a series of new plays fortnightly or even weekly throughout a season. The result is a scamper of underrehearsed underproduced plays, quality being inevitably sacrificed to quantity. The theatre grid plan envisages a network of repertory theatres run on an interchange basis. Each constituent theatre would plan a limited number of productions, say four or five, each year; and after performing its repertoire in its home theatre would move on to play it in each of the other theatres in its circuit. The small number of productions which each theatre had to provide would materially reduce production costs and would give the chance for improving quality all round, and would

* *Public Responsibility for the Arts. The Ninth Annual Report of the Arts Council of Great Britain, 1953-1954.*



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also, I suggest, stimulate in audiences interesting comparisons and the spirit of healthy competition between the companies.

Some such scheme would undoubtedly do much to give the theatre as a profession an altogether more solid and less haphazard basis. There are objections to it, and the Council shows itself aware of them. But the important point is that with the existence of the Council there is a centre in which such stimulating and promising ideas can be generated; and this Report shows that people in the Council are generating them. It deserves to be read widely and carefully especially by those who can influence our legislators to give them enough money to implement their ideas.

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

TEN days in Rome: obviously not nearly long enough to justify any generalisations about radio and TV in Italy, even if the lure of the television screen had not been utterly defeated by the spectacle of the stupendous city itself; and I have to admit that in my case defeated it certainly was. All the same, an hour's talk with an official of Radiotelevisione Italiana was enough to bring home to me once again a truth we are always in danger of forgetting: that when we are discussing a national broadcasting and television system we are in effect discussing the nation which produces it, discussing the underlying assumptions on which the state is based and without which it would be utterly different.

It had not, for example, struck me that in Italy radio and television were, politically, the monopoly of the Government. Yet plainly, in a country so precariously poised between Right and Left, in a country in which many experienced and dispassionate foreign observers seem to think that the triumph of the Communist Left is merely a matter of time, it would be unreasonable to expect anything else. As usual, the Englishman reflects, "How unlike the home-life of our own dear Queen!" I was back in time to see Mr. Attlee conducting his party political broadcast. Mr. Attlee was—Mr. Attlee: he puffed his pipe, closed his eyes, committed himself to cautious under-statement, the acme of the utterly unglamorous. Never in a thousand years, one would think, a television star. But it is not so simple as that. Put three Englishmen together and you have a committee: Mr. Attlee appeals to the committee-man in us all for we know what we want of a fellow committee-man. His is the mystique of being completely without a mystique, and it has its own effectiveness.

But the point is, Mr. Attlee is nothing like Signor Togliatti or even Mr. Pollitt. If he were, we shouldn't see him on our television screens. Political broadcasting as we know it is possible only when there is a fair measure of agreement between the parties, or rather, when all share a common body of assumptions that are tacitly agreed to lie outside the scope of party politics. It is only because this is so that programmes like *Any Questions* and *In The News* can exist at all. There was a good example of this in last week's *In The News*. It began with the usual party wrangle in which the main concern of the speakers was to score party points, and, as ever, one pined for the presence of someone detached from party or at least not committed to party body and soul. But then, towards the end, came the question: Should commanding officers be empowered to prevent marriages between soldiers serving abroad and local girls? And the party differences dropped clean away in a unanimity of opposition.

Political broadcasting is always going to be difficult, whether the last word is with the parties themselves or with the B.B.C. The parties will insist on the narrow orthodoxy of the party-line; the B.B.C., caught between two fires, may easily plump for an inoffensive and ineffective middle-of-the-roadism. But the real danger comes when politics is allowed to monopolise more and more of life, as happens in a country like Italy where extremes oppose each other and struggle for the possession of a people. For then much that for us is outside politics, or above or beyond it, becomes political, and that means the death of the independent spokesman, the reporter with no axe to grind. It would mean, for instance, the end of such programmes as Mr. Goronwy Rees's four talks in the Home Service, *Talking With Germans*. Mr. Rees is a scholar whose knowledge of Germans is attested by his brilliant novel *Where No Wounds Were*. His talks were as fascinating as they were important; I doubt if the Home Service has ever put on anything better or more valuable. Germany as a country of ghosts; the Germans as a people with no history: his views were challenging, they cut right across one's *a priori* conceptions; one wanted, all the time, to interrupt, to come in with a "Yes, but . . ." One was presented, in fact, with the beginning of a debate, and one only hopes the debate continues.

And just as talks like Mr. Rees's would go, so would Mr. Aidan Crawley's *Viewfinder* programmes on television. Last week he reported on the railways and especially on the railway workers' grievances. It was his best programme, I think, since his American series. He talked with signalmen, engine-drivers, porters at Bletchley; he followed up their complaints and criticisms in interviews and union leaders, members of the management and members of the Transport Commission—Sir Brian Robertson gave a notable display of stonewalling. Watching Mr. Crawley's programme, one had the curious sense of seeing the possibility of television's becoming a main expression of the conscience of the nation. This is a tribute both to Mr. Crawley and to the Television Service for giving him his head. It is also a powerful vindication of the independent spokesman, the detached observer. So far as the ventilation of public affairs on sound and vision is concerned, he is our most valuable possession. Long may he flourish. But we mustn't forget that whether he is allowed to, depends in the last analysis on how successful we are in keeping party politics in some kind of perspective.

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THE MOVIES

"The Gorki Trilogy," at the Everyman
"Windfall in Athens," at the Cameo-Poly
"42nd Street," at the National Film Theatre

The third part of the Gorki Trilogy has come along (*My Universities*, to run for a week from Monday), so that now it is possible to form an impression of the whole. Between parts two and three there's a distinct break. The grandparents, hitherto dominant, have been left for ever; the boy is a young man on his own, looking for a job, trying to gather the lesson from all that has shocked and formed him; an older actor takes over the part, and it's not altogether his fault that he seems to have outstripped our sympathies; surmise is vanishing and doctrine looming near; the loose but strong unities of childhood have to be replaced by swift strides in emotion and knowledge. If we feel that *My Universities* lacks something in cohesion and conclusiveness, that is partly because a conclusion must artificially be sought, and because the inspired grip of the beginning, once let go, has no time to return. But let me add that any disappointment is relative. The whole Trilogy looms gigantically, and those who have missed it, will have the chance of seeing it from the beginning in an extended season.

When we look back on the people we have got to know in this film they jump in the memory with the surprise and more than the agility of life: the whole ruinous Peshkov family, capering Grandpa, staunch, humouring, legend-bearing Grandma, the two jack-in-the-box uncles always after some possession or at someone's throat, the cunning little cousins, the mother looking for

escapes out of squalor, young Gorki himself, to whom it is all present; and then the laughing apprentice, old Grigory going blind, the fat cook on the river-boat who relishes Gogol and belabours the sneak-waiter, the dulled icon-painter whom Pushkin's words inspire to inscribe a devil, the pig-loving baker, the two drunk soldiers; dozens more rapidly seen or merging into the distance of a fair-ground, of the Volga with its slave-gangs stumbling along the shore tied to a tow-rope, the chained prisoners going who knows where to who knows what; not only a landscape with figures—a whole country and epoch, a people miserably oppressed and kicking one another down the line. And what scenes—the bake-house, the death of the apprentice, the fire!

The vision is broad, lively, compassionate. Every great Russian has—or had—the capacity of inordinate love; and it is the pressure of this, so hard to define and yet inescapable, that gives this Gorki-Donskoi epic a grandeur shared by the Olympian Tolstoy and the infernal Dostoevsky. "Only connect," Mr. Forster gently reminds us. "Only disconnect" might be the message of the struggling Gorki; and it is the triumph of this film, as of the books that inspired it, that it involves us as it does across years, distances, classes, upbringings. So far as one can detach acting and actors, V. Massalitinova's Grandma, M. Troyanovsky's Grandpa, and A. Lyarsky as the boy Gorki, touch us most and stand highest. Donskoi's direction makes us feel, for more than the moment, that so, and so only, should a film be made.

Windfall in Athens is a light piece of neo-realism that brings a first taste of Greek films. It has something of Emmer and De Sica, spins a loose plot about a stolen lottery ticket, endears two lovers (Helle Lambetti and Dimitri Horn), and mingles charm with a conventionality that will, one hopes, vanish from further work by the director, Michael Yannis. To meet Athens and Athenian faces is a pleasure in itself.

The National Film Theatre is letting itself go on a thirteen weeks' season of old musicals. I don't know that I'm with them all the way, but their first recovery, 42*nd Street*, has a back-stage kick, an irritated enchantment and, when we get to them, some first-rate numbers. Connoisseurs will find a realism long vanished and Miss Ginger Rogers, all incipient cheek, with an eye-glass that soon gets trampled on.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Rosalyn Tureck, at the Victoria & Albert.

After some experiment with small orchestras and popular classics, the Victoria and Albert Sunday-and-Wednesday concerts have settled down to provide London's foremost cycles of chamber music: Beethoven's quartets, Beethoven's violin sonatas, and now Bach's clavier concertos, played by Rosalyn Tureck. Miss Tureck uses a concert grand, but so persuasively that one can believe, while listening, that Messrs. Steinway have prepared their instrument expressly for Bach. These performances are acceptable to purists, even those who deplore Fischer's or Lipatti's Bach on the piano, because Miss Tureck keeps her registers pure. Dynamic is exquisitely graded, but there is never a change of actual tone-colour within the phrase. The pedalling is wonderfully discreet, and the modern piano's halo of overtones is eschewed. Yet, it seems, anything the harpsichord can do Miss Tureck's piano can do better—whether it be to punch out first subjects bright as newmint pennies, or capture the melancholy fragrance of the harpsichord's lute stop. Remarkable qualities these: add absolutely steady (but not rigid) rhythm, impeccable evenness of touch and unshakable technique, a scholar's understanding of tempo, phrasing and form—the result is ideal Bach performance. The Boyd Neel Orchestra accompanied. The full splendour emerged at Sunday's recital, solo, of the Goldberg Variations, which reach forward to the world of late Beethoven. Miss Tureck made no concessions, avoided all pianistic glamour, but let her virtuosity serve a reading whose strength, profundity and (in the twenty-fifth variation) poignancy brought the audience surging down the long gallery to applaud

A. P.

Correspondence

HOSPITAL PAY-BEDS

SIR,—Mr. Hugh Garland confines his remarks about hospital pay-beds to one hospital at Leeds. Why does he think the situation there is so exemplary? He does not deny that there is a waiting list for tonsillectomy at present, and says that the determining factor is shortage of beds and not shortage of staff. Yet there are sixty-eight pay-beds and s.5(1) of the National Health Service Act, 1946, requires such beds to be made available "for any patient who urgently needs that accommodation on medical grounds and for whom suitable accommodation is not otherwise available." It would be interesting to know how many Health Service patients have been given the advantage of this provision, whether at Leeds or elsewhere.

I am not greatly concerned, however, with your correspondent's view of the position in his own very narrow field. It is much more important to decide where this latest declaration of Labour policy really gets us. It was well received at Scarborough, but by a Conference ready by then to grasp at any progressive straw, however slight, offered by the leadership. That is why the Executive was able to make a virtue of a gesture which is remarkably hollow and, at best, the poorest of half-measures.

The pay-bed issue is only a symptom of a widespread ill. The abolition of such beds without the cutting away of the present system of part-time consultancy will achieve very little. It will still be possible to buy preferential treatment, and the present double standard of service will still exist with abuse of hospital beds. It is very convenient for the consultant who has one leg in the Health Service and one leg outside, with lavish fees from his private patients and not ungenerous ones from the State. But it is not in accordance with the avowed intention of the people who planned the Health Service.

Only a full-time salaried medical service will achieve that equality to which so much lip-service is accorded. But far from coming out boldly for it—and it would be welcomed by many more doctors than would have been the case in 1946, especially the younger men now trying to establish their careers in very difficult circumstances—the Labour Party Executive chases down side-alleys and thus evades, as it did at Margate, such essential features of a comprehensive Health Service as health centres. Far less do we hear of any proposals for broadening the scope of the Service in the essential fields of preventive medicine and industrial health.

The Labour Executive chose the one issue which in itself has the least practical significance but at the same time provides complacent Tories with an excellent, if irrelevant, issue for arousing prejudice.

GEOFFREY DRAIN

87 Fitzjohns Avenue, N.W.3.

SIR,—If I go to my doctor and he recommends hospital treatment, instead of getting a letter to the hospital I can ask for a letter to the consultant. I pay a private visit to his house, pay his fee, and next day or the day after enter the hospital without any further payment. If this system is allowed to continue, many people will be able to jump the queue with financial benefit to the consultants.

24 Colvend Street, J. BROWN
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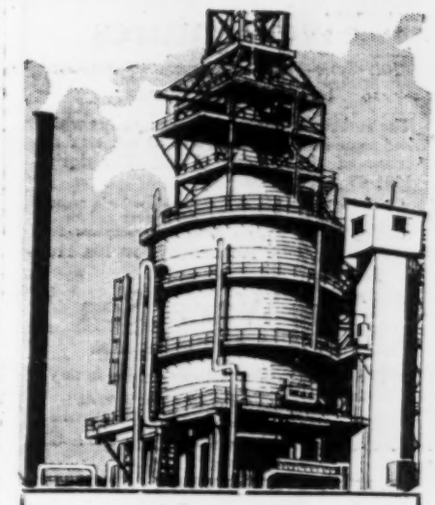
AFTER SCARBOROUGH

SIR,—I am surprised by your assumption that the "Straight From Conference" programme did "the Labour Party incalculable damage among the listening public." A fair judgment of the *whole* series (the Conservative as well as the Labour Conference) would, I believe, show a much closer balance.

Naturally, Mr. Willey was on the defensive at Scarborough, but the position was completely reversed at Blackpool. The alert politician tends to be far more sensitive to the muffed opportunities of his representative than to the mistakes of the other side; but if Labour delegates were depressed at Scarborough, I can assure you that Conservative delegates who heard the programme were equally gloomy at Blackpool.



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This is, as you point out, a difficult but important programme, and it is well worth considering possible improvements. Editing, however, is out of the question because of time. Professional commentators, in my view, would be a mistake. The character of the programme would be changed from political discussion to straight reporting: or, if two commentators were employed, a rather academic discussion. Commenting on party conferences is certainly a job for politicians. They may not in broadcasts always bring out the most significant points, but no one else is likely to do better at this stage.

If this is accepted, the detailed arrangements are open to debate. Since the nature of the programme is largely determined by technical considerations it would probably be best to talk over suggestions—such as an impartial chairman—with the B.B.C.

In conclusion, I do not think this is a programme which should frighten us. It provides the Party with an excellent opportunity for propaganda and our whole concern should be to use it to the full.

Harlow, Essex. PETER SHORE

SIR,—Writing from the Labour Party Conference, Mr. Norman MacKenzie says that, among others, Mr. Attlee was given a clear warning that his position has seriously deteriorated in the last year. On your front page of the same issue you say that Mr. Attlee's leadership at present is unassailable. Of course it is, and he emerged from the Party Conference with his prestige higher than ever, and the affection felt for him greater and more widespread than ever.

Vicky's *Daily Mirror* cartoon depicting five Bevanite members of the Executive gagged and bound leads Critic to conclude that this tells more of the truth about Mr. Bevan's reasons for leaving the Executive. Critic should not kid himself.

My opposition to German rearmament is well known, but up to now I have not been honoured by any cartoonist depicting me as gagged and bound. For the simple reason that I am neither gagged nor bound in the way that he suggests. I'm just a simple country chap who occasionally lets his E.C. colleagues know where he stands.

But we have got to win the next election, and without surrendering any of my personal opinions on policy, I intend to work hard for victory under the courageous leadership of Mr. Attlee.

House of Commons. E. G. GOOCH

THE TATE GALLERY

SIR,—Mr. Graham Sutherland's soberly factual letter provides much solid food for thought, and your own comments project a very revealing light into obscure places. The story is a strange one. The *Spectator*, for instance, had published on June 18 an editorial comment on what it described as a "rather large" turnover in staff at the Tate Gallery, adding, "it is not unreasonable to deduce that it indicates something wrong with staff relations." It must indeed have struck a number of people that, for whatever reasons (and these were doubtless varied), there has been a "rather large" turnover for so small an establishment—and in an institution in which continuity must surely be a serious consideration. But when the Trustees' Report appeared, and the table given in it of the Gallery staff confirmed the statistics on which the *Spectator's* original comment was based, that journal came to the surprising and contradictory conclusion that it "indicates stability rather than the reverse." Why such a *volte-face?*

It is surely evident from Mr. Sutherland's letter that no serious attempt was made to inquire into the circumstances of staff changes, and that people like himself who were aware of the facts had not even been consulted—still less those persons concerning whose departure from the Gallery gossip was said to be rife, and who, in some cases, are prevented by the nature of their present positions from speaking out in public. Newspapers that should have known better have accepted as Gospel a one-sided interpretation, and allowed themselves to be very seriously misled.

How has this been achieved? Apparently by the pretence that any and every criticism of the Gallery administration (however factual) should be discounted as part of an alleged "campaign of calumny." As a result, these newspapers have enrolled themselves in what amounts to an astonishingly successful campaign to smear all criticism, even when well-founded, with the evil odour of calumny. It may be significant to note, for example, that the *Manchester Guardian*, like the *Spectator*, accepted the now exploded view that the stories of staff troubles were no more than unfounded rumours (together with the strange reading of the table of staff which went with it), and put forward a similar far-fetched explanation of the trust fund irregularities!

The fact that it seems to be possible to get away with a diversionary move of these dimensions may strike many people as disturbing; if allowed to succeed, it may become an established practice. In the event of your theory being correct (and it seems extremely plausible), the Trustees may well be committed irretrievably to accept this mistaken policy of hush-hush, and their being so involved is likely effectively to hamper them from taking a firm and objective line in the future. It is to be hoped that the whole matter will be further probed by searching questions in Parliament, and by debate if and when the Gallery Bill is discussed in the Commons.

Corner House, Eton College. B. J. W. HILL

ANCIENT BRITAIN

SIR,—I have read with great interest the paper by Dr. Hiram S. Zadek on recent excavations in Britain, submitted by Mr. Mervyn Jones. I showed it to my friend Dr. I. Ivanovitch, of Leningrad, the well-known philologist, who has devoted a lifetime of study to the inscriptions of this remote period. I enclose his observations:

"While yielding to none in my admiration of the enthusiasm and enterprise of Dr. Zadek, I would like to sound a friendly note of warning against jumping to premature conclusions. Inscriptional evidence must always, in the long run, provide the mainstay for our conclusions on the history of the 20th-Century British kings, and it seems to me that Dr. Zadek has not taken into account documentary material which has been available for a good many years, e.g., my own *Epigraphy of the Ham, Park and Square Dynasty Tombs, Vols. I-XII*, Moscow, 3911-3928.

"In the first place, he ignores completely the Ham Dynasty, which preceded those of the Park, Square and Circus kings by more than 900 years. These rulers, who entered the Lower Thames Valley at the very beginning of British Dynastic history, have left their mark in many place-names, as Dr. Zadek could have discovered had his philological knowledge been equal to his dexterity with the spade.

"I have very little doubt that these monarchs were originally buried in or near the tombs later usurped by the kings of the Square Dynasty, later driven out in their turn by the more powerful Circus intruders. Forced to leave their ancestral capital, the displaced kings built their more modest tombs in the northern, eastern and western fringes of the ancient city; e.g., at *Ham*mersmith, *Ham*pton Court, West *Ham*, East *Ham*, and, most important of all, *Ham*pstead.

"This latter tomb, which Dr. Zadek does not even deign to mention, but which I had the pleasure of excavating during the 3918-3922 season, is one of the most interesting monuments of this period. It is approached by a vertical shaft of extraordinary depth, a precaution evidently taken to avoid desecration by the usurping kings who then occupied the river-valley. A significant fact is that, at a distance of some two miles, we discovered another, shallower tomb bearing the name Camden Town. Knowing the Ancient British habit of removing or altering the names of the kings of former dynasties, it is clear to me that this name was originally *Ham*den Town, but that the royal name was subsequently altered in an attempt to erase the memory of the former rulers. The tomb at Hampstead, however, was evidently too deep and well-concealed to be detected.

"Dr. Zadek's paper contains several ludicrous errors. For example, he states: 'I have found a rock marked with a sacred symbol (a horizontal line passing through a circle) *which always marks the entrance to a royal tomb of this period.*' This, sir, is a demonstrable error. Plaques bearing this symbol have been found in hundreds in an archæological

context which could not possibly be that of a royal tomb; in fact, all the indications point to the fact that they originally stood above ground. They are usually in the form of a banner on a pole, and often carry, in addition to the sign, what appear to be numbers, e.g., 134, 24, 27, etc. They are obviously *cult-signs*, originally perhaps the emblems of one of the remote pre-Dynastic tribes which first settled in the Thames Valley, but, at the time of which Dr. Zadek writes, they had degenerated into the names of *nomes* or districts. Other examples could be quoted; for instance, the cult-signs of the 'No' tribe, e.g., 'No Waiting' (with the name of the god Mon.-Sat.) . . . 'No Parking' and 'No Entry' (the latter, incidentally, surrounded by a circle and divided by a band, just as in Dr. Zadek's alleged 'royal symbol.' I have even found an exactly similar symbol, a circle crossed by a horizontal bar, bearing the name 'Gold Flake'—a very minor god.

"But Dr. Zadek's sins of omission are even greater than his sins of commission. I look in vain for any reference to the religious inscriptions on the walls of his newly discovered tomb, although, since Oxford Circus belonged to the same dynasty as Piccadilly, such inscriptions must exist, even if in fragmentary form. Did he find, for example, any reference to the two great cults, that of the god *Guinness* and the god *Wool*, whose ritual tablets, on the walls of other tombs of their period, bear eloquent witness to the religious rivalry which existed at this time? Wool, the earlier deity, whose cult-centre was at Woolwich, is symbolised by a leaping lamb. This emblem of innocence and joy, which appears frequently on the walls of the tombs, is in striking contrast with the later god Guinness, almost invariably accompanied by the ritual phrase '*is good for you.*' Guinness's symbol was a strange, long-beaked bird of foreign provenance, not unlike the Ibis, symbol of the God Thoth of Ancient Egypt. There is something evil in this forbidding creature, and in the figure of the priest which accompanies it, pouring out a libation of some dark liquid (blood?). One senses that the kings of the usurping dynasty were endeavouring, through their priesthood, to impose this alien god upon the gentle followers of Wool. There is something strangely moving in the repeated plea of the Wool priesthood, which occurs again and again in the tombs 'There is no substitute for Wool.' But this is a matter on which it would be unwise to speculate without the help of further evidence."

London, N.10. LEONARD COTTRELL

OWEN LATTIMORE

SIR,—Unfortunately, Professor E. F. Penrose, taking issue against the description of Owen Lattimore as a displaced professor at Johns Hopkins University, does not give a full picture either when he states that the university gave Professor Lattimore leave with full pay "to enable him to give the necessary time to combat the outrageous charges. . . ."

A member of that faculty recently, in private, described the action of his university as a compromise, a compromise forced by the threats of contributors to the university to give no more. He went on to describe the continued ordeal to which Professor Lattimore exposes the university. He still walks across the campus frequently and the administration is embarrassed also because, even though he knows he is on leave, he eats more frequently than he did, before his troubles, at the University Club. This professor suggested that Professor Lattimore ought to know how much this embarrasses the University, and even endangers it. Business men, he says, have spies at the university, and they will see Professor Lattimore, and they are likely to take any excuse to charge the university with deviousness in putting out to the world that the leave is real. After all, this professor continued, Professor Lattimore could still be influencing the students of Johns Hopkins by his strolls across the lawns.

Roosevelt University, Chicago. DALE PONTIUS

CHINESE STUDENTS

SIR,—We are three Chinese students now returning home after six years in the United States, the latter part of our stay, since 1951, being the result of the detention of Chinese students in the fields of technical sciences by the U.S. immigration authorities.

We would like to call to your attention the fact that there are several thousand Chinese students in the United States now being detained because of their technical training. A number of them have applied for exit permits at different times but were invariably refused. Still a larger number rightly felt the futility of ever applying for the exit permit, because doing so would only get themselves into trouble, especially when they are holding industrial jobs.

Out of the negotiations last summer at Geneva, the U.S. Government decided to release merely fifteen Chinese technical students. We are among the lucky fifteen.

It seems to us that since our fields of study, electrical engineering, chemistry and pharmacology, are not less "sensitive" than other branches of science, and since detaining people against their will cannot possibly be justified in the first place, we feel that the order of detention should be removed to make it possible for any Chinese to be allowed to leave the United States whenever he so chooses.

Recently twenty-six Chinese students appealed to President Eisenhower for their release. We are writing to you so that their plight can be made known to your reading public.

S. P. FAN
H. T. LIANG
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On Board S.S. *President Cleveland*

OBSCENE LIBEL

SIR,—Is not this legal chatter about "those whose minds are open to immoral influence" all nonsense? Surely our judges are *ex officio* believers in the doctrine of Original Sin, which tells us that we are all corrupt from birth? If so, is it not clear that we are all of us, being already corrupted, open to any and every immoral influence in this wicked world? Or else that, being already corrupted, we are none of us capable of further corruption?

J. M.

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Books in General

In writing about Professor Stevenson's *Life* of Meredith a week or two ago I had not the opportunity to do more than make a few summary remarks about his novels. Since then I have read *Harry Richmond* again, a novel which contains fewer difficulties of style than most of his work, chiefly because it is written in the first person. Meredith was a poetic or rhapsodic novelist, and *Harry Richmond* is a romance about the serious deceits and the comedies of romance. Several of the characters are more than life-size, or speak and live in the heightened language of an imagination which is sometimes fine, at other times wooden or uncertain of its level; but there is no doubt that Meredith creates a complete world. Critics have often said that Meredith's taste for the chivalrous and high-sounding takes him clean out of the nineteenth century and sends his novels floating away in clouds of non-existent history. They have said that we can never pin him down to time and place, and that he is intellectually Ruritanian. This is only superficially true. We must take into consideration a novelist's temperament before we judge like that. Because Meredith's mind was macroscopic, because his subject again and again is people's imaginative, ideal, future-consuming view of themselves and of their environment, this does not mean that they have no known place in a recognisable world. Nothing could be more thoroughly Victorian in imagination than *Harry Richmond*; if the neo-medieval colouring is precisely that, this novel reads as if it were an attempt to glamourise Victorian life out of recognition. This is a well-known habit among the poets of the nineteenth century. The cult of picturesque history can be described as escapes from the grim squalor of the industrial revolution; but we can also think of them as confident and imperial enterprises of colonisation. The Victorians were high-feeders on what is felt to be foreign in time or place. *Harry Richmond*, is cast in the imperial frame of mind, and if Meredith can be justly accused of being merely Ruritanian, he did not fall into the ludicrous which so often imperils (shall we say?) Tennyson's historical or legendary poems. The very pretence of Harry Richmond's fantastic father to the throne of England and to royal blood expresses the rising, exuberant side of the situation in England at that time when people were very liable to be plethoric about the greatness of their history. The plot and many details of narration are also true to the period. It was a time of violent changes of fortune in private life, of tremendous claims to estates and titles. Meredith is known to have got the idea for Richmond Roy's wild claim from the fact that William the Fourth had many children by an Irish actress, and also from the marriage of George IV to Mrs. Fitzherbert. His remoteness has been greatly exaggerated by critics brought up on realism.

The spell of *Harry Richmond*—for to read it is to pass into a trance—exists because of the brilliant handling of an impossible subject. If Meredith had confronted Richmond Roy's claim squarely and realistically he would have been lost. His art lies in building up the character of the father as the romantic and charming figure seen by his child, and then in gradually disclosing he is first an adventurer, living in state one minute and in a debtor's prison the next; at last, by evasive insinuation, comes the royal claim. Richmond Roy grows larger and larger, richer in resource and effrontery, more and more triumphant for every setback, but skating on thinner and thinner ice the farther he goes. Meredith learned from French novelists the method of working up to the key phrase. The moment the farmers on whom Harry Richmond is boarded when he is a child start deferring to him, and are heard at last to whisper superstitiously "Blood rile," the thrill is æsthetic. It has exactly the effect of the words "You are an egoist" when they are spoken to Sir Willoughby Patterne, and when they transform the tension and tighten the focus of that book. Richmond Roy has been too obviously compared with Micawber; he is far more complex than that; his follies and dreams have genius. He is not a windbag; he is a fine actor. He is nearer to Falstaff. Richmond Roy alarms. He alarms when he brazenly orders scarlet liveries permitted only to the Royal Family, for his postilions. He alarms by his knowledge of our weaknesses. He can bounce his way into buying a chateau or a yacht. He can spellbind a foreign court and rout the hostess of Bath. Notoriety he thrives on. His impudence when he poses as an equestrian statue at the German court is splendid. These imaginative episodes set off the scurvy ones: the father's nasty relationships with the Press, his unscrupulous robbery of his adoring son, his caddish exploitation of the young man's love for the German princess, his cold-hearted swindling of his sister-in-law. He pretends that the money came from personages who are anxious to keep him quiet. He is a mountebank, and if we are glad in the end that Squire Beltham exposes him in good Squire Western style, it is not really because we like to see vice punished, but because the rogue has got too maddening and has reached an hysterical and pathetic stage where he will become a figure too farcical to bear his real weight as a symbol: hence his tragedy. Meredith works up to that proper conclusion but, like a great artist, explores all the other possibilities first. He has the piling-on instinct of the story-teller. We are delighted towards the end when Richmond Roy is confronted with another false claimant, a so-called Dauphin who claims to have marks on his body which prove his heredity. Meredith is clever enough to give this episode twice: in two different kinds of gossip, one showing Richmond Roy the master of an insulting situation, the other through Squire Beltham's hilarious British scorn. Meredith's mastery of comedy does not exclude the low and, indeed, in the low he is not tempted to his vice of over-polishing. When the ladies retire from the dinner table—a nice touch that—the Squire lets go:

> They got the two together, William. Who are you? I'm a Dauphin; who are you? I'm Ik Dine, bar sinister. Oh, says the other; then I take precedence of you! Devil a bit, says the other; I've got more spots than you. Proof, says one. You first, t'other. Count, one cries. T'other sings out. Measles. Better than a dying Dauphin, roars t'other; and swore both of 'em 'twas nothing but Portwine stains and pimples. Ha! Ha! And, William, will you believe it?—the couple went round begging the company to count spots to prove their big birth. Oh Lord, I'd ha' paid a penny to be there! A Jack of Bedlam Ik Dine damned idiot!—makes name o' Richmond stink.

It has been said that Meredith is not a story-teller—but a story need not depend very much on plot; it can and does in Meredith depend on pattern and the disclosure of character through events. The weakness is that the fantastic father engrosses the great part of the interesting incident; when he is off-stage our interest flags. Meredith's narrative is not a straight line; it is a meandering back and forth in time, a blending of events and commentary and this Meredith must have gone for instinctively because he is wooden in straightforward narration. We follow an imagination that cannot bear precision. He depends on funking scenes, on an increasing uncertainty about how exactly events did occur. There is a refusal to credit reality with importance until it has been parcelled out between two or three minds and his own reflections on it. Even in the duel scene in Germany, the excellence is due to the ironical telescoping of the event; we are hearing Meredith on the duel, telling us what to look at and what not to bother about. The effect is of jumping from one stand-still scene to another. Life is not life, for him, until it is over; until it is history. (One sees this method in the novels of William Faulkner.) The movement is not from event to event, but from situation to situation, and in each situation there is a kernel of surprising incident. In realism he is tedious. One can almost hear him labouring at what he does not believe in and depending on purely descriptive skill.

The love scenes in *Harry Richmond* present a double difficulty to ourselves. The mixture of realism and high romance is awkward; we are made to feel the sensuality of lovers in a way remarkable in mid-Victorian novels; their words appear to be a highfalutin' way of taking the reader's mind off it and, in this respect, Meredith's pagan idealism is no more satisfactory than the conventional Christian idealism of other novelists. Like Scott, Meredith is always better at the minor lovers than the major ones. His common sense, touched by a half-sympathetic scorn, is truer than his desire which is too radiantly egocentric. In Meredith's personal life, his strongest and spontaneous feelings of love were those of a son and a father, and this is, of course, the theme of *Harry Richmond*. That is why, more than any of his other works, this one appears to be rooted in a truth about the human heart. In erotic love, Meredith never outgrew his early youth and the fact over-exhilarates and vulgarises him by turns.

Harry Richmond is thought to be less encumbered than Meredith's other novels because it is written in the first person. Unfortunately, as Mr. Percy Lubbock pointed out some years ago in *The Craft of Fiction*, the first person has to be both narrator and actor in his own story, and in consequence stands in his own light. I do not believe that this is a serious fault in *Harry Richmond* as a story, for what carries us forward is Meredith's remarkable feeling for the generosity, impulsiveness and courage of youth

and its splendid blindness to the meaning of its troubles. Harry is blinded by romantic love for his father and the German princess; he is weak in not facing up to the defects of the former and in not being "great" enough for the latter; but both these sets of behaviour are honourable and have our sympathy. With his father he shares a propensity for illusion and romance, and is cured of them. Since he is the narrator we have only his word for it, and one is far from convinced that Harry Richmond has been cured or even examined. Put the story in Henry James's hands and one sees at once that the whole question of illusion or romance would have been gone into far more deeply. It is the old Meredithean trouble: he is an egoistical writer, fitted out with the egoistical accomplishments, and one who can never be sufficiently unselfed to go far into the natures of others. His portraits start from him, not from them, and the result is that he is only picturesque, a master of ear and eye, a witty judge of the world, a man a good deal cutting a figure in his own society; we are given brilliant views of the human heart, but we do not penetrate it. He has no sense of the calamitous, no sense of the broken or naked soul, and—fatally—no sense of evil. More than any other novelist of his age, he has the Victorian confidence and in a manner so dazzling and profuse that it is natural he was called Shakespearean. He is: but Shakespearean merely linguistically, by inheritance, at second hand, without any notion of human life as passion or of suffering as more than disappointment. He is a very literary novelist indeed.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE FORTUNATE FALL

Perhaps Eve in the garden knew the sun
With her whole flesh, and pruned the rose's soul
(The thing was thornless, pliable, like Eve),
And she the garden whence all flowers sprung.

But Adam knew her as the fruit he stole,
The apple, sleeping, God made him conceive.
His side and eyes were opened. They were bare,
The tree despoiled and knowledge risen whole.

Before she even fumbled with the leaves
Adam was finished. Of course, she had a flair
For fumbling that was folly to oppose;
But wit is sharper than the loss it grieves.

So he chose for her, chose his own despair.
It took a God to pluck the thorny rose.

A. ALVAREZ

THE RESCUER

Once trapped upon a ledge without a rope
Stranded between the cliff-top and the sea,
Or caught mid-way between a hope and hope
Did we not feel some pleasure in despair,
Seem stripped down to our bare identity
And feel resentment towards the rescuer

Who threw a coil of rope and drew us up
And set us down among familiar things,
Or pushed us into one or other hope?
Did we look kindly on our safety or
Wish for our loneliness again, the pangs
Prevented by the adept rescuer?

We owe a gratitude to him yet rather
We yearn towards that slippery edge, despair,
Because we felt ourselves complete there, neither
Fashioned of what men think or we prefer,
But concentrated into pure fear;
Now we are fragments we must put together,
Sundered by the apparent rescuer.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

BEHIND THE SCENES

A Diary with Letters, 1931-1950. By THOMAS JONES. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

With the possible exception of Lord Hankey, with whom he worked in the Cabinet Secretariat from 1916 to 1930 when he became secretary of the Pilgrim Trust, Dr. Thomas Jones probably knows as many State secrets as any man alive. Of his civil service days he has said all he thinks discreet to disclose now in his biography of Lloyd George, his fellow countryman and the first of the Premiers under whom he served. The present volume deals with the period when he had become the *éminence grise* of Stanley Baldwin and the constant visitor to the Astors, either at Cliveden or in St. James's Square. It is personal enough and just indiscreet enough to be good reading. He discloses that there really was a "Cliveden set," even though he denies it. He recalls many off-the-record conversations at the R.S.G. (Romney Street Group) where every Tuesday a few of us journalists were privileged to listen (I hope respectfully) to revelations of how England was really governed. If we didn't know after listening to Walter Elliot's brilliant conversation (he was in the Cabinet much of the time), to Jimmy Mallon's famous anecdotes, to the administrative acumen of Sir Wilfred Eady and the ripe wisdom of Tom Jones himself, it was certainly our own fault. Sometimes, as Tom Jones himself recalls, our guests were less reliable guides. For example, there was Lindbergh, who succeeded in terrifying every one with stories of the overwhelming might of Goering's Luftwaffe. Those of us who remember these Tuesday lunches will appreciate how expert Tom Jones is in recalling the gist and atmosphere of a private occasion without giving anything or anyone away.

In April, 1938, when the chances of agreement with Germany seemed thin even to Lady Astor's guests, Tom Jones referred to current accounts of "Clivedenism" as

> somewhat grotesque to anyone who really knows what a week-end with the Astors is like. The so-called 'Group' has as much unity as the passengers in a railway train. Several of them never mention politics at all, and confine their observations to golf, others to books, some to gardening. Those who are active politicians were engaged in criticising one another for the most part.

True? Well, the kind of Departmental truth that serves to demolish an over-curious M.P. It reads a little oddly in the same volume which contains lists of the important guests at Cliveden. No doubt they differed amongst themselves, but the Astors, Geoffrey Dawson of *The Times*, Lord Lothian, Sir Thomas Inskip, Sir Neville Henderson, and many of the other frequent guests surely did have in common a belief that the best way of avoiding war was to persuade the Prime Minister to make a deal with Hitler over the heads of the Foreign Office on the understanding that Germany would fight Russia and the Communists and leave their comfortable England alone? Nor did they disagree with Lady Astor who wrote from the United States in March, 1938, that the reason why Americans did not understand why some people wanted a settlement with Hitler was largely the result of "intensive and widespread anti-German propaganda being conducted by Jews and Communists." Tom Jones is quite frank about his own role. As a private individual, known to be on intimate terms with Stanley Baldwin, he allowed himself to be wafted away to Germany for a private week-end with Ribbentrop and the Führer; he paid a comic visit to Berchtesgaden with Lloyd George and repeatedly attempted to persuade Baldwin also to arrange an interview with the Führer. Historically, the most dramatic material in this book is in his full accounts of these visits, of Hitler's declaration that pro-German feeling in England meant that "my biggest life's desire will be accomplished"; of his "great desire to meet Mr. Baldwin"; of his impressive propaganda in private interviews and of the carefully prepared lies of Ribbentrop about the Nazi view of the

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

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Church, when Tom Jones had prepared the way for an interview with Inskip by explaining that he was an ardent churchman.

These secret flirtations with the Nazis were carried out with the best of motives. Tom Jones explained to his friend Abraham Flexner that it was right at any rate to try to soothe a fanatic; in that lay the best chance of avoiding war. The Cliveden set believed that the Foreign Office with Vansittart at the head, and Winston Churchill outside on the rampage, would infallibly lead us to war. Their principal motive was peace. Their judgment was distorted by their horror of Communism and their misinformation about Russia, which they thought militarily helpless after the great purge in the army. It was symptomatic of their state of mind that before the war they had not a good word for Roosevelt or the New Deal. Tom Jones, a man of shrewd judgment in most things, was in 1936 ready to bet odds of ten to one against Winston ever becoming Prime Minister. The truth is that the Cliveden set was not at all a myth, that its chief members were wildly wrong about foreign affairs and exerted a mischievous influence during a crucial period. But they were not in any kind of way "Fascists," and most of them were very agreeable, well-meaning, kindly people.

Tom Jones's comments on his friends and contemporaries are usually sound and often witty. Like others at one time, he thought Walter Elliot a likely Prime Minister, but he noted in January, 1934, that there was a danger that he would "imagine his gift for pictorial epigrams was a substitute for economic argument." Of Archbishop Temple he says, that he "made an admirable chairman, and sums up, with a facility of language which tends to wrap up his conclusion in cotton wool." The best thing in the book is a penetrating obituary of Lord Lothian in one of his letters to Violet Markham:

> When I recall Philip I see him astride a fireplace, with his back to it. The hearthrug became a pulpit. He had an oratorical temperament and delighted in communicating a profusion of opinions and ideals to any casual group of listeners, in elevated abstract diction, dealing only with matters of major importance, and influenced by the country and the company he had most recently visited, America, Germany, leaning now to the Right now to the Left, but returning to a central Liberalism and a theocratic democracy, which made me often think of Lammenais and Lacordaire. Had he not broken with Rome he would have gone high in the hierarchy; religion was his dominant interest, and once he crossed the Christian Scientist threshold, he never seemed embarrassed by the difficulties of his new faith and enjoyed, or seemed to, an absence of critical introspection. "I find it works," he told me on a rare occasion when I touched on the matter. Handsome into middle age, untidy, broadchested, with open gestures, restless arms and hands in and out of his trouser pockets keeping time with his flow of well-turned sentences, positive, assertive, he conveyed a fallacious lucidity of one who had done the thinking and solved the difficulties for you.

Stanley Baldwin was a charming fellow unless you wanted him to do anything. When he retired, Tom Jones explained in public that what appeared to be his laziness was really his liking for quietness, contemplation and being alone. But in daily contact Tom Jones was, in private, often exasperated. Unemployment—the condition of the South Wales miners was never far from Tom Jones's thoughts—would not be solved by agreeable chat about books, nor would war be avoided by speeches about democracy and promises simultaneously to arm and not to arm. T.J. remarks that Baldwin had "a wonderful capacity for resisting the close discussion" of any problem. He was for peace with Germany at any price and gave orders that in no circumstances were steps to be taken that might get us into war on the same side as Russia. But he wouldn't actually go and see Hitler, or do anything active about it. Urged to make his Government more national by including Lloyd George, he recalled that "someone said that the ideal Foreign Minister was a simple English gentleman, so long as you got a Tyrell behind him. Now L.G. is neither simple, nor English, nor a gentleman." But he was prepared to accept Neville Henderson to succeed Phipps at Berlin on the ground that Eden and Vansittart could find none in the service better than Henderson "who was a man and a good shot." T.J. was obviously fond of Baldwin, but he was without illusions about him. In October, 1935, he records:

> Yesterday Baldwin addressed the Annual Conference of the Conservative Party for the first time for seven years. Spoke for an hour and had a great ovation. Denounced the isolationists, reconciled the Party to the League by supporting rearmament, and reconciled the pacifists to rearmament by supporting the Covenant. Spoke strongly in favour of trade unions. All with an eye to the Election, on the date of which he was inscrutable.

I have known few men in my life more lovable or more loved than Tom Jones. Few have had his faculty of sympathetic friendship. His interests, which keep bobbing up amongst the political discussion in his letters and diaries, are wide; they include publishing, the preservation of the countryside and the glories of Wales. Above all, he is interested in other people. He is as good a talker as a listener. His political advice seems to me to have been generally unwise whenever it extended to anything outside these islands. His domestic and, above all, his personal advice, was full of common sense and wisdom. When, at the end of his public career, he received the homage of his native Wales, his detachment enabled him to summarise his own career with an admirable wit and modesty. He explained that he had not been animated by ambition; he had done nothing that he had not enjoyed doing. And he asked if it were not paradoxical that he should be acclaimed and rewarded for having so fine a life? Not odd at all. For he has found his enjoyment in making life pleasanter for other people.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

RETREAT FROM THE DON

The Sergeant in the Snow. By MARIO RIGONI STERN. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 8s. 6d.

The huge battles fought on the Eastern Front during the war are still as little known to us as our own activities are to the Russians, and only through articles in German military periodicals are we beginning to learn about them in detail. It is therefore hard to assess the value as an historical document of this narrative by an N.C.O. with the Italian VIII Army in Russia; nor does it add much to our factual knowledge of the campaign. It is a personal account by a man who had very little idea of what was going on: confused, episodic and probably unreliable. One would have welcomed a far fuller editorial introduction and analysis. But considered not drily as a document but simply as an account of human suffering it is very remarkable indeed.

During the autumn of 1942 Rigoni's division was holding a stretch of the Don; patrolling, sniping, relatively comfortable in the dug-outs and ruins which they had made their homes. Then gradually over Christmas came the realisation that they had been cut off—that the arms of a Russian pincer movement had closed hundreds of miles behind them and that they must march and fight their way out of a gigantic trap. They pulled out of their positions about January 19, and there began a nightmare march of some 300 miles which lasted, according to the editorial note, until January 31, but from the distance covered and from Rigoni's account must surely have taken longer. The miserable column shuffled through the snow from village to village, weighed down with ammunition, harassed by partisans and by the wind sweeping mercilessly over the steppes. Rations, when they arrived, were frozen hard and uneatable. Officers lost the way, men straggled and fell out in despair. Where they were and where they were going they had no idea. On January 26 they attacked a village held by the Russians, and grimly fought their way from house to house in a battle which the presence of bewildered civilians made yet more confused and horrible. Rigoni plodded on with the remnants of his column, a walking corpse whose suppurating feet were tied in rags bound together with bits of wire, till the presence of new vehicles and smartly uniformed troops showed that they were out of the bag at last.

The narrative is written in a style at once sophisticated and naive: short, childish sentences which at first irritate but carry a cumulative conviction. It suggests an account dictated and cleverly edited rather than the genuine writing of a simple man. But it is none the less a convincing document. Written without hatred for the enemy or rancour at the authorities who set this ludicrous expedition on foot, it is creditable to Rigoni and to the unit with which he served.

MICHAEL HOWARD

TO PLEASE HER MAIESTIE

The First Night of Twelfth Night. By LESLIE HOTSON. *Hart-Davis.* 21s.

On Twelfth Night 1600/1 four companies of players, including Shakespeare's, presented entertainments at Whitehall. The Queen had on her hands a Russian Ambassador, whom she commanded to dinner in the Great Chamber, and an Italian visitor, Don Virginio Orsino, Duca di Bracciano, who was her guest of honour later in the evening, when one of the four entertainments was presented before her in the Great Hall. Dr. Hotson has discovered at Alnwick Castle a memorandum by Lord Chamberlain Hunsdon recording the Queen's orders—given to him only eleven days in advance—for a play

> that shalbe best furnished with rich apparell, have great variety and change of Musicke and dances, and a subiect that may be most pleasing to her Maiestie.

Dr. Hotson believes that Hunsdon at once called in Shakespeare, and that *Twelfth Night*, crammed with attractive Court topicalities which we can now for the first time understand, was written, rehearsed and produced at top speed for the occasion.

Unfortunately, in addressing himself to vindicate this hypothesis, Dr. Hotson (although he stoutly refuses to admit it) has for once had less luck than his brilliant powers and matchless assiduity deserve. The Lord Chamberlain's notes for the ordering of the evening are elaborate, but they do not name the play, or describe it, or even state that it was the Lord Chamberlain's own company that was preferred to come before the Queen. The Russian Ambassador had a great deal to report about the events of the evening, and Dr. Hotson has happily come upon his despatch on the accessible side of the Iron Curtain. But the Ambassador did not continue in attendance upon Elizabeth after dinner. Orsino, too, wrote at great length in a letter to his wife, and here Dr. Hotson has the solid satisfaction of recovering for us a striking picture of a splendid occasion. But the crucial passage is disappointing:

> As soon as her Majesty was set at her place, many ladies and knights began a Grand Ball. When this came to an end, there was acted a mingled comedy, with pieces of music and dances (*una commedia mescolata, con musiche e balli*), and this too I am keeping to tell by word of mouth. The Muscovite Ambassador was not present. I stood ever near her Majesty. . . . She conversed continually with me; and when the comedy was finished, I waited upon her to her lodgings.

We are thus left, after all, with a conjecture. That an Italian nobleman named Orsino should have witnessed a play at Whitehall on a Twelfth Night is certainly a striking circumstance. But is it probable that a proposal to borrow his name for one of the persons in a love-comedy would have been approved? He knew no English, and this would surely have made the proposal only the more dubious. But there could have been no offence in Shakespeare's recalling the name six months or a year after the visitor had returned to Italy and using it in a play he was then composing for some other Twelfth Night festivity. Dr. Hotson's contention is fascinating. But it is not really very strong, and of the resourceful and endlessly

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BEGINS IN SUNDAY'S

SUNDAY EXPRESS

learned subsidiary arguments at least some must appear strained. When Viola as Cesario arrives on embassy at Lady Olivia's gate and to the question *Whence came you, sir?* replies *I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part*, have we really been missing a "delicious drollery" through not recognising that here is a hit at the Russian Ambassador, who seldom ventured beyond set speeches prepared in the Kremlin?

Whether the first night of *Twelfth Night* was or was not graced by the presence of Gloriana is no doubt a question unimportant in itself. But Dr. Hotson leads us on to further matter. Hunsdon's notes make it virtually certain that the unnamed play was produced on a low amphitheatrical stage in the centre of the hall, with the audience entirely surrounding it. And Orsino corroborates this. He saw, he tells his wife, *gradi con dame atorno atorno*. If it was in fact a mature Shakespearean comedy that was thus presented at Whitehall we must re-examine our persuasions as to what happened at the Blackfriars and even at the Globe. Of information we have singularly little, and a great deal of insecure inference or mere conjecture has come to pass as fact. But here again Dr. Hotson, who has for some time been convinced that Shakespeare worked regularly in terms of an arena stage, faces considerable difficulties. Actors must, after all, come and go; and there is no doubt whatever that Shakespeare's actors frequently appeared "above" or "within." Dr. Hotson has to suppose light, curtained structures, out on the open stage, so proportioned and disposed as to afford a minimum of annoyance to an unbroken circle of spectators. The reconstruction he provides opposite page 136, showing Olivia and Orsino facing each other in front of a couple of chubby sentry-boxes, is not wholly persuasive. He tells us, however, that with a board and counters he has found no difficulty in stage-managing *Twelfth Night* in such a setting. It is greatly to be hoped that experiments in actual production will soon be made along the lines he suggests.

J. I. M. STEWART

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FOOD, PEACE AND FECUNDITY

World Population and World Food Supplies. By SIR E. J. RUSSELL. *Allen & Unwin.* 50*s*.

Hungry People and Empty Lands. By S. CHANDRASEKHAR. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s*.

The Challenge of Man's Future. By H. BROWN. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s*.

We should not be misled into thinking that prophets are useless because they are so often proved wrong; the prophecy may have been important in initiating the activity that falsified it. We saw this after Crookes's prophecy, in 1898, of famine by 1930, and we will probably see it again.

The prophet is safe when he says "Unless you change your habits there will be dire consequences." People do change their habits, sometimes because of the prophet. But he is wise not to go into details for the changes made may not be those advocated and they may be just as effective. Thus Crookes urged the manufacture of nitrogenous fertilisers; this was done, but a much more important factor causing the apparent food surplus of the 1930s was plant breeding and the extension of wheat acreage. So now. The authors of these three books agree that there is an apparent disharmony between the rate of increase of mouths and of food to put in them. They each propose solutions; many of the rest of us have done this too, and it will be interesting to see how the problem will actually be solved.

Of the three, Sir John Russell's is the longest and most authoritative. He deals comprehensively with the farming system and productivity of each region and his book contains the essential information on which future argument about the condition of different parts of the world will depend. He is clear and gives an abundance of tables, charts and graphs; these show, among other things, the food production per head and the number of people fed per acre. The conclusion is obvious that only a country that imports food or feeding-stuffs in bulk, as Britain does, can become densely populated without at the same time becoming predominantly vegetarian. This, and ten pages at the beginning, about changes in world population, is all Sir John has to say on population, and he makes no proposals about it. For agriculture he thinks we should do essentially what we are doing now, but do it a little better. The average yield is generally only half what a good farmer gets on the same type of land. With better technique applied to more land with more fertilisers, he argues that the present shortage would be overcome and there would be some margin for expansion; but he does not look very far ahead. This, and some odd pieces of irrelevant political complacency, are defects in the book. To take one example from many: some people in Uganda will be surprised to read that in their country "regimentation is impossible under British administration."

Dr. Chandrasekhar and Dr. Brown see food against the background of man's other needs and habits. They give surveys of world history and discuss the causes of the recent phenomenal increase in the population of most countries; they also think that there is no immediate reason to fear a food shortage if our present knowledge and skill are properly applied. Brown covers the wider field and surveys energy and mineral requirements. He foresees serious difficulties if we go on squandering fuel and minerals in our present manner. War is an important reason for this extravagance, and he repeatedly discusses possible means for eliminating it. This is not always cheerful reading because he argues that countries with blameless records for several generations may, as a result of changing circumstances, become the dangers.

Both these books go on to discuss remedies in the distant future. Chandrasekhar, as his title suggests, surveys the sparsely populated areas and sees hope in them. He traces the history of the occupation of so much of the world by the "white" races and points out the weakness of any moral claim to control countries like Australia. Wittily and effectively he exposes the fallacies behind policies of restricted immigration, but he sees that migration on an unprecedented scale would be needed if Australia or Brazil were to help in solving the problems of India and China. Brown gives in outline some of the proposals that have been made for getting food, energy and materials by non-traditional means so that more people can live comfortably on areas where they are uncomfortable now.

But these are palliatives, and man's fecundity is potentially limitless. Chandrasekhar and Brown both see that in the end a radical approach to contraception is essential, and they discuss the possibilities. The latter even suggests complete control with agreed quotas of babies for each area. This seems to be going unnecessarily far. Often, or even generally, babies are the consequence of activities primarily directed towards other goals. Concupiscence leads us to childbearing; but this association, though probably an essential feature of animal evolution, is made unnecessary by human forethought. These separate aims could be dissociated if there were a satisfactory oral contraceptive, and the research needed to produce it would probably cost less than the development of a new type of bombing plane. If in all parts of the world, conception became a matter of free choice uncomplicated by other issues, it is unlikely that any community would outbreed its resources. This is clearly a matter of opinion but prophecy may be in order when reviewing books by prophets.

N. W. PIRIE

CARTS AND PEBBLES

Collected Poems. By FRANCES CORNFORD. *Cresset.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

This first collected edition of the poems of Frances Cornford, containing all she wishes to preserve of fifty years' work, appears as she nears her seventieth birthday. Hers is the kind of poetry which it is not easy to appreciate at the present, though easier perhaps than ten or fifteen years ago; one reason is that the epithet "Georgian" persists in occurring to the reader when he considers her imagery. She has what almost amounts to an obsession with picturesque carts and with pebbles, the one reminding us of the days of the Rhyme Sheet and the Poetry Bookshop, the other of Rupert Brooke's catalogue of "loves." When she strays outside this familiar matter in search of a more timeless imagery, it often seems awkwardly out of place.

> Gold as the hair of fairy-story queens,
> The ricks stand squarely in the weathered farm.
> There the first star on still September eves
> Stabs through pure waters of the sky, to shine
> On their grave foreheads. Round their bases broad,
> Brisk-gallivanting cocks and hens proclaim:
> "Look! Look! Our ricks!" and of the long-roofed barns
> (Darkening, majestical, where wagons sleep
> Noble as Agamemnon's chariot), "Look!
> Look!" they say, "our barns! What barns!
> Look! Look!"

Neither "fairy-story queens" nor "Agamemnon" has much relevance in the poem as a whole, and the image of the star "stabbing" through the waters of the sky is very obscure.

One turns with relief to the unpretentious *A Back View*, which has humour and neatness, and in which Mrs. Cornford is nearly at her best.

> Now when his hour shall strike
> For this old man,
> And he arrives in Heaven late
> He can
> To Peter and the Angel Gabriel,
> Having completely known,
> Completely tell
> What it was like
> To lean upon a gate;
> And knowing one thing well
> He need not fear his fate.

In the remarkable fifth section of *East Coker*, which is something between an *ars poetica* and an *apologia pro sua vita*, Mr. Eliot speaks of the poetic life where

> every attempt

Is a wholly new start and a different
kind of failure.

Surprising as this is from a man whose technique appears to show such a consistent line of development, it applies much more obviously to a slighter poet like Mrs. Cornford. It is indeed to her credit that she constantly experiments, and has never settled down to repeat her successes. She has perhaps never quite succeeded in discovering her true poetic self. I am inclined to think that, had a certain promising vein proved fruitful, she would have made an outstanding writer of verse for children; and in view of the scarcity of such writers, this is intended as praise. Two poems, neither quite characteristic, would appeal strongly to a poetic child; one is *The Night Train*, and the other *The Princess and the Gypsies*. The latter is in ballad form and reverses the situation in *The Raggle-Taggle Gypsies*; for the Princess, on hearing the gypsies' account of their way of life, cries, "I dare not come with you," and goes away broken-hearted. Perhaps it is too fanciful to think that this poem about the renunciation of an unconventional life reveals more than its artificial mode at first suggests.

JAMES REEVES

NEW NOVELS

The Bad Seed. By WILLIAM MARCH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Scotland's Burning. By NATHANIEL BURT. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Thing to Love. By ELSPETH HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Dream of Treason. By MAURICE EDELMAN. *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Once again, the best novels of the week turn out to be American. How good they are is another matter. Both—*The Bad Seed* and *Scotland's Burning*—are challenging and immediately impressive. Both suffer unfairly, it seems to me, from the way in which their respective publishers have presented them: the claims made for them are such that almost by reflex action the reviewer, hackles up, sniffs for faults, probes to expose the soft under-belly. Unreasonable? No doubt. But it is the inevitable consequence of cries of "Genius!" and reprinted rave-notices from the American Press. So let us be as calm as we can.

Certainly Mr. William March's *The Bad Seed* is the most terrifying novel I have read for a long time, and the greater part of its power comes from the contrast between the appalling central situation and the tact and restraint, the humour and the wit, with which Mr. March writes. Without these, indeed, the novel would be unbearable. Mr. March imagines a nice young woman, nice in every way, who, living in a small town in the American South, suddenly realises that her adored ten-year-old daughter is in effect a mass-murderess. Wherever Rhoda goes—she is already a consummate actress, and has the magpie's single-minded appetite for whatever glittering prize catches her eye for the moment—sudden death occurs. The problem is, what is the mother to do? Mr. March solves it by invoking heredity; just in what way it would be unfair to him to divulge. It is the final turn of the screw; and it is precisely here that I begin to doubt Mr. March's novel. I am too ignorant of heredity to know whether his solution is in fact a solution; what struck me about it was something else: that it was mechanical and, being so, reduced a terrifying novel to a neat horror story; the moral issue had been burked.

All the same, Mr. March's novel has great distinction, and his humanity and humour are delightful. The characters are solid, and firmly placed; two are considerable comic figures, Mrs. Monica Breedlove, the amateur of psycho-analysis who, consulting Freud himself, had been told by him "frankly that her particular temperament was beyond his skill," and the paranoiac janitor, Leroy Jessup, whom the murderous child Rhoda most successfully burns to death, while having a surreptitious nap, for knowing too much.

Its author, Mr. Nathaniel Burt, describes *Scotland's Burning* as a "morality set in a boys' school," a morality of good and evil and the choice between them. The school is an American private school (*i.e.*, the equivalent of an English public school) of the kind Mr. John Phillips described in his memorable *The Second Happiest Day*. The central character, Tony Comstock, tells the story of the decisive year of his adolescence and perhaps of his life from the vantage point of middle age in a prose which, though very successful in rendering the ambience of Dixon School, is all the same rather too Prousty (as distinct from Proustian) for me. *Scotland's Burning* is a highly confident and uncomfortable work, and it contains one truly triumphant character, Tony's room mate, Lassiter Camp, a splendid version, in his insouciance, sophistication and casual attractiveness, of the eternal Satan occupied in his task of going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it. Mr. Burt's talent is obvious; and yet I cannot be wholly convinced by his story and indeed must admit to finding it a little pretentious; for two reasons. The first is that I do not believe that a school can ever stand as a true microcosm of the world, and this, it seems to me, damages the validity of Mr. Burt's novel as a morality. Then there is his style, sensitive, subtle, poetic—all these and yet, I can't help thinking, insidiously falsifying, inflating an incident in adolescence with emotions it can hardly take.

Mrs. Huxley's *A Thing to Love* is a gallant attempt to dramatise for us in fiction current events in Kenya. I don't think she succeeds; and it would be wonderful if she did for only one novelist to my knowledge has convincingly got under the African skin, Mr. Joyce Cary in his early work. What defeats Mrs. Huxley is, quite simply, the Kikuyu. She has, it is plain, considerable sympathy for them: "They were a people who felt the presence of the spirit everywhere in trees and rocks and forests, above all in Kerinyagga's snows." But to make the leap of understanding from this to the manifestation of the spirit in Mau Mau and in the behaviour of her Western-educated Mau Mau leaders, this she is unable to do in terms of fiction. So, at the end, though we have learnt a great deal that is valuable about the organisation of Mau Mau, as to why it has taken the sickening form it has, we remain as much in the dark as ever. Mrs. Huxley's White characters struck me as being not much more than conventional types; her Africans have more reality because of the passion they carry with them like an aura, even though the forms the passion takes remain incomprehensible. Nevertheless, taken simply as a report of the war in Kenya, *A Thing to Love* contains, very vividly written, much that I have come across nowhere else.

The new novel by the Hon. Member for Coventry North proves to be yet another rendering of our old friend the Man in the Impossible Position, the favourite hero of our times. Martin Lambert is in the Foreign Service and is handicapped by a dipsomaniac wife. It is only the vulnerability of his position that allows him to agree to the very unconventional suggestion of the Foreign Secretary that he should secretly pass on a vital Cabinet paper to a French journalist on the eve of an important international conference. All for the best diplomatic reasons, of course; but the Foreign Secretary is killed when his aeroplane takes off for Paris, and Lambert finds himself regarded as a traitor with no possibility of proving he was merely obeying orders. The Hon. Member for Coventry North writes a modish novel, curt, terribly knowing—you haven't been in the V.I.P.'s waiting room at London Airport, but he has—and sentimental in a rather vulgar way: "He might marry Valerie. The thought, admitted to his mind, grew tumescent, powerful and full of wonder, a voluptuous, releasing pæan. The nape of her neck with the hair falling in two strands." It is all enormously sad, as though Mr. Balchin were parodying himself.

WALTER ALLEN

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The Journals of Lewis and Clark. Ed. BERNARD DEVOTO. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 36*s.*

On November 7, 1805, Captain William Clark wrote in his journal: "Great joy in camp we are in view of the Ocian, this great Pacific Ocean which we been so long anxious to See." In the face of fantastic difficulties, the party led by Meriwether Lewis and Clark had made the first overland journey to the mouth of the Columbia and by this, as Mr. DeVoto points out, "gave not only Oregon but the entire West to the American people as something with which the mind could deal." The territory they had crossed, taking eighteen months on the way, was "a blank, not only on the map but in human thought . . . an area of rumour, guess and fantasy."

Jefferson, understanding that the West must become American, had long dreamed of despatching such an expedition; the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon made the mission more urgent, though Congress had already given its approval to the project in secret six months before Talleyrand staggered Monroe by offering him an area twice the size of the United States for five million dollars. Jefferson's detailed directive to Lewis (reprinted in this volume) shows incredible vision and imagination. The main purpose of the mission was "to explore the Missouri river, & such principal stream of it, as, by it's course and communication with the waters of the Pacific Ocean, may offer the most direct and practicable water communication across this continent, for the purposes of commerce." In short, Lewis was to find a route which would break the Canadian monopoly of the fur trade, and perhaps provide a short cut to China which would eliminate the long beats round the Horn or Good Hope. In addition, he was to define the new boundaries of the United States, make contact with the Indians, and collect data on the geography, climate, vegetation and animal life of this vast acquisition.

This expedition is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating and important chapters in human exploration, and its success was primarily due to the cool confidence, competence and courage of its leaders. Lewis and Clark were both young men whose talents complemented each other perfectly, and theirs was a great friendship as well as a highly efficient partnership. Neither of them seems to have doubted the feasibility of their assignment, or to have counted the fantastic risks they were taking. Ordinary men might have been content on reaching the Pacific to have waited for a ship to put into the Columbia to take them home; they wintered there in appalling discomfort, then turned round and brought their party back by two different routes—and the only fatality was a sergeant who died of a burst appendix not long after they first set out. The project was carried off with such skill and recorded with so much modesty that unless one has seen the terrain they crossed, the journey is likely to seem commonplace. Yet, as Mr. DeVoto says,

> most of it was exceedingly difficult, recurring portions of it were dangerous in a high degree, and nearly all of it was in country foreign to the wilderness experience of Americans and requiring radically different techniques.

As the party poled and dragged its boats up the Missouri from Fort Mandan, where it had spent the first winter, it had to learn those techniques or perish—how to deal with different Indian tribes, to live on roots, to build crude carts to portage the canoes round the Great Falls. Their difficulties at this point are calmly described in this entry by Clark:

> . . . those not employed in repairing the course, are asleep in a moment, maney limping from the soreness of their feet some become faint for a few moment, but no man complains all go chearfully on. to state the fatigues of this party would take up more of the journal than other notes which I scarcely find time to set down.

Wet, hungry, ill, exhausted; these were the normal rigours. Supplies ran very low, Lewis had to give away his uniform coat in barter for a canoe the party needed desperately, and his men cut off their buttons to trade for dried fish. The Indians stole from them; they were misled about the route ahead; they were constantly anxious about their food, their powder, their instruments, journals, charts and the specimens Lewis was collecting for the President.

Yet, sharing these difficulties, was a young Indian girl—married to Charboneau, one of the interpreters—and her baby boy, only two months old when they left the Mandan villages. Sacajawea, who was a Snake, proved an invaluable asset when the party began the crossing of the Rockies, because horses were needed, and these could only be obtained from the Snakes, who were so suspicious of an ambush that they evaded every effort Lewis made to get in touch with them. Then came a fantastic coincidence. Lewis persuaded a young Snake chief to go back with him to the main group so that he could talk to him through an interpreter; he turned out to be the brother of Sacajawea, who had been seized several years before by a raiding party of Minnetarees. The party got its horses.

The story of Lewis and Clark has been summarised many times, not least in Mr. DeVoto's own excellent book, *Westward the Course of Empire*. This, however, is the first time that their own journals have been published in a readable form in this country. Mr. DeVoto, whose judgment one can trust implicitly, has reduced the book to about one-third of its original length, partly by leaving out astronomical and climatic data, partly by summarising the more tedious or repetitious passages. Few readers will regret this, for all the essentials are here, and Mr. DeVoto's introduction puts them in true perspective. This is a book to treasure. My only regret is that, once again, Mr. DeVoto should allow his carefully edited text to appear with maps that are unnecessarily inadequate.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Parade of Pleasure. By GEOFFREY WAGNER. *Verschoyle.* 25*s.*

Few books have ever so effectively combined amusement with horror. Mr. Wagner is a wit with a social conscience. Writing with the force, precision and imagination one might expect from the various trades he has followed—poet, Guards officer, professional philosopher and squash blue—he reveals, with pity and disgust, the existence of a monstrous world. It is a world where you always let commies have it in the crutch or the guts (preferably both); where no decent girl has a bust measurement of less than forty inches—unless, of course, she is a Red, in which case you strip and flog before plugging her; which is inhabited by Things which "stink from oozing grave-mud" and from whose eyeless faces fall "clods of rancid, crawling flesh"; where heroes say "I killed more people tonight than I have fingers on my hands. They were commies. . . . Pretty soon what's left of Russia and the slime that breeds there won't be worth mentioning and I'm glad I had a hand in the killing. God, but it was fun"; where sadism bolsters democracy, and violence upholds the American way of life. This is the world of the film, the tough thriller and the pin-up girl, but particularly of the comics—100 million of which are sold weekly to 98 per cent. of all children from eight to twelve, to 87 per cent. of male and 81 per cent. of female adolescents, and to 41 per cent. of all men under thirty.

This, thinks Mr. Wagner, who sincerely likes and admires the Americans (he was on the staff of Columbia and lives in Harlem) is something to worry about. This lustful and sadistic violence is no part of the American genius, but "a stranger slipped into the house, a harlot in silk scanties seated astride the crimson ass of commerce." She may do immense damage.

Vincenzo Catena. By GILES ROBERTSON. *Edinburgh University Press.* 35*s.*

The period 1500-20 in Venice and Rome, with the possible exception of the period 1420-40 in Florence, saw a greater revolution in art, and a greater number

of artists of the first rank, than any other stretch of twenty years in the history of the world. In Venice alone this period saw nearly the whole of Giorgione's activity, the first twelve years of Titian's and the last fifteen of Bellini's. An artist of limited natural talents like Catena, who began as an imitator of Bellini and was seduced later in life by Giorgione's mode of vision, at almost any other time would have failed to impose his personality on history, or at any rate would never have earned a monograph to himself 400 years after his death. But the very fact of having lived when and where he did, in Venetian humanist circles, lifted him above mediocrity, brought out qualities in him which in any other circumstances would have remained dormant. These qualities were a certain melancholy sweetness and softness, harking back always to the earlier century, conservative, nostalgic almost.

The reader cannot turn over these pages of plates without responding to their charm. But this is not the point of Mr. Robertson's book. He is hardly concerned with æsthetic evaluation; on the few occasions when he does let himself be carried away on effusive phrases, they are never vivid. The importance of the book resides in an austere and admirably lucid analysis of Catena's stylistic development, and on a definition of his boundaries. This is a most valuable achievement: for Catena has all too often served as a common refuse-dump for any picture which could not be fitted into Bellini's or Giorgione's work; and students of Catena's great Venetian contemporaries will profit from having this tight kernel of scholarship to rely on.

My Mission to Spain. By CLAUDE BOWERS. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

This is a worthless bit of book-making. Mr. Bowers was American Ambassador to Spain from 1933 to 1939. He favoured the democratic republic and never believed that it fell under Communist control. This testimony could have been given in half a page. The rest is trivial. Mr. Bowers travelled widely in Spain before the civil war. His comments are those which any other motorist would have made. When the rebellion started, the American Embassy withdrew to St. Jean de Luz; and Mr. Bowers observed the civil war only through a telescope. In 1939 he returned to Washington. Roosevelt said to him: "We have made a mistake; you have been right all along." This is the only interesting sentence in the book. If Mr. Bowers had shown the background for it by publishing his correspondence with the State Department, his book might have been worth reading.

Where We Came Out. By GRANVILLE HICKS. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Hicks was at one time literary editor of *New Masses*, the New York Communist weekly, and the author of several Marxist tracts on literature which had a vogue during the Popular Front years. He left the C.P. as a protest against the 1939 Soviet-German Pact, and has since tried to carve out a niche for himself as a "critical liberal"—a type which he contrasts to the "fake liberals," who he claims are fellow-travellers by intent, and the "retarded liberals," who are too stupid to understand that Soviet tyranny is worse than Hitlerism. This interesting book, therefore, reflects a distinct tendency among American "liberals" today; they dislike McCarthyism and witch-hunting but they insist that the U.S. is in a state of war with the U.S.S.R. and that domestic Communism is either real or potential treachery.

There are few better statements of this position than this book. If the reader can bear with Mr. Hicks's confessions of social guilt—"I can explain, but I cannot justify why I was a Communist"—he will find some very sensible comments on the so-called "Red Decade." Mr. Hicks understands how the influence of Communism in the Thirties has been greatly exaggerated for political reasons, just as he sees how much of contemporary anti-Communism is merely a front for anti-liberalism. The astonishing fact about Mr. Hicks is that he should be so rational about the period when he was a Communist and so emotional about the present. The simple equation of Communism and Fascism—so frequently made by American "liberals" today—is a piece of slipshod, illogical and inaccurate comparison. It may have a propaganda value, but it is useless as a serious analysis because it blurs rather than sharpens our vision of the world.

Reproduction and Sex. By G. I. M. SWYER. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

This book has a fair claim to be the most intelligent of its kind. It is certainly by far the most helpful, for the mixed audience, lay-medical-social-student, to which the series is directed. Dr. Swyer, who is an endocrinologist, deals with the physiology and biology of human reproduction in pages 1-175, and its psychology and sociology in pages 176-220, with an extensive appendix on anatomy. This is an alarming programme. The first section is of an excellence which nobody is going to dispute—this reviewer particularly liked the selection for emphasis of all the matter which bulks largest in practical living, or which is most subject to lay and medical superstition; fertility is most helpfully dealt with, and even oddments like sex-determination have their place. The whole treatment shows a close awareness of clinical problems.

The second section could not satisfy everyone by the very nature of its probable critics, but only the dogmatically insatiable will quarrel seriously with it. It is humane, genuinely scientific, eclectic in the right sort of way: though one might well dispute Swyer's choice of a psychiatric approach to sexual "deviations" (based on Allen's textbook), when, as a biologist, he would have been happier and rather more accurate in terms of comparative mammalian behaviour on the lines of the book by Ford and Beach. But the fact remains that he has covered everything from the corpus luteum to Kinsey with sanity, clearness and accuracy, and the result is an excellent textbook which is also both interesting and practically helpful.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,287

Set by G. W. Stonier

The usual prizes are offered for a shopkeeper's carol celebrating the arrival of Auntie Mistletoe. Limit 12 lines. Entries by November 2.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,284

Set by Hilbrian

To celebrate the centenary of Rimbaud (born October 20, 1854) readers are invited, for the usual prizes, to offer a translation in English verse of his *Rêvé pour l'hiver.*

RÊVE POUR L'HIVER

L'hiver, nous irons dans un petit wagon rose
Avec des coussins bleus.
Nous serons bien. Un nid de baisers fous repose
Dans chaque coin moelleux.

Tu fermeras l'œil, pour ne point voir, par la glace,
Grimacer les ombres des soirs,
Ces monstruosités hargneuses, populace
De démons noirs et de loups noirs.

Puis tu te sentiras la joue égratignée. . . .
Un petit baiser, comme une folle araignée,
Te courra par le cou. . . .

Et tu me diras: "Cherche!" en inclinant la tête,
—Et nous prendrons du temps à trouver cette bête
—Qui voyage beaucoup. . . .

Report by Hilbrian

The French, according to an 18th century critic from this side of the Channel, are "a skipping dancing tribe . . . When the circling glass goes round, they talk of beauties which they never saw and fancy raptures which they never felt." Whether the sixteen-year-old Arthur Rimbaud's winter fantasy was born of a real or an imagined love, he certainly clothed it in skipping dancing verse which runs as lightly as the wheels of his train. The first quality, therefore, that I sought in the entries for this competition was

Sunday Chronicle
NOVEL OF THE MONTH

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'This is the very stuff of war; it has the authentic stench, pain, heat, panic, obscenity and boredom of battle.'—
BEVERLEY NICHOLS *2nd Imp* 12*s* 6*d net*

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German Military Intelligence sent the author to foster unrest among tribes hostile to the Allies in war-time Persia.
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GÖRAN SCHILDT

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BERNARD ASH

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Oct 29 10*s* 6*d net*

STAPLES

MUST WE LOSE AFRICA?

This is the all-important question that *Colin Legum* (African Affairs correspondent of the Observer) asks in his new book, which gives the first full account of the crisis in Uganda which has resulted in the banishment of the Kabaka.

Mr. Legum (who knows both the Kabaka and the Governor) explains why Uganda is of such traumatic significance in African affairs, and he relates the problem there to the larger context of Britain's whole future in Africa.

Must We Lose Africa? is a timely book which sounds a warning.

Illustrated 16*s net*

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MAU MAU

This is another book of outstanding importance to all who are interested in African affairs. *Ione Leigh* (who will be remembered for her biography of Castlereagh) went to Kenya after the war, and has lived there throughout the terror.

Coming November 22 *Illustrated* 16*s net*

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a similar lightness of touch. Too often, alas! it was wanting.

Next came the question of fidelity to the French text. Encouraging myself with the opinion of Mr. Roy Campbell (a poet who knows what he is talking about) that "translations (like wives) are seldom strictly faithful if they are in the least attractive," I was prepared to overlook an occasional infidelity provided that much of the spirit of the original poem was preserved. I accepted the many variants on Rimbaud's *petit wagon*, which included not only the railway carriage I think he intended, but coaches, chariots, cabs, carts, cars, trucks, jeeps and even a gypsy caravan. The unfaithfulness of some entries, however, went too far altogether.

Waguih Ghali began, for instance:

In English summers a pink wagon lit
And cousins, blue in the face.
A nest of stoops, lunacy and tea
In every pithy place.

That is delightful, but it is hardly Rimbaud.

The next batch of entries to be discarded were those which outran the length of Rimbaud's sonnet or failed to keep to its rhyming plan. I saw some go with regret, for there were felicities in A. M. Sayers's

When winter comes again, we'll ride
In rose-red carriage, cushioned blue,
Whose deep soft corners out of view
Are nooks where foolish loves can hide.

Stanley J. Sharpless, with his "we'll play hunt-the-spider," also produced a pleasant picture, and a spirited, but too free rendering came from R.M.G.

Two entries, however, stood out from the rest. R. J. P. Hewison got the right touch of lightness and deserves, I think, a prize of £3 3s., in spite of one rhyme so weak as to be hardly discernible. Elaine Morgan (who surprised me by saying she found it "hard to imagine an Englishman talking like this"—has she read no English love poetry?) takes £1 11s. 6d. for her consistent and amusing version in a trans-Atlantic idiom. Consolation prizes of sixteen shillings go to Alberick and William Johnson. Runners-up: A.M.P., M.J.H., John Anderson, Robert Wheeler, John Fowles, R.M.G., Susanne Knowles.

DREAM FOR WINTER

For winter we'll have a pink carriage, blue-cushioned,
To ride in.
We'll be snug. And what corners, how soft, for impassioned
Embraces to nestle and hide in!

You'll shut your eyes tight, lest you glimpse through the window
Nightfall grinning evil,
Misshapen, malign, with its snarling commando—
Black wolf and black devil.

Then your cheek will be pricked, as by tiny embroidery,
The ghost of a kiss run, audacious and spidery,
Down your neck in a flutter.
You'll say to me, "Catch him," and lean your head over:
What a time they will take, our attempts to discover
The much-travelled creature.

R. J. P. HEWISON

A LIL' SCHEME I DREAMED UP FOR THE WINTER

Next winter, say, we'll take a buggy an' ride,
A cute one—pink, with drapes an' things in blue;
Just you an' me, honey, all snug inside,
With kissin' corners you can sink into.

You'll shut your eyes, 'cause you'd be leery, I reckon,
Of lookin' out the winders, case you seen
A ruck of hants an' such peek in an' beckon,
Devils and wolves maybe—all black, an' mean.

Then you'll feel sump'n tickle you—like this—
An' run acrost your neck. You'll think: a kiss?
Naw, some fool bug or spider, I'll be bound.

"Ketch it!" you'll say, an' bend your head down low.
We'll take our time a-huntin' for it, though.
Say, babe, that crittur cert'nly gits around . . .

ELAINE MORGAN

DAYDREAM FOR DECEMBER

When winter is come we will go for a ride
In a little red car upholstered in blue;
In its corners a riot of kisses will hide,
And bliss it will be for us two.

You'll shut your eyes tight against shadows without
That appear by the windows to snarl as they flit,
Monstrosities mopping and mowing, a rout
Of wolves and black imps from the pit.

Then a scratch you will feel on your cheek . . . a caress
On your neck, like a spider that under your dress
Is crazily daring to run.

So, bending your head to me, "Catch it!" you'll cry,
And while we are finding it ages will fly . . .
A much-travelled creature, that one!

ALBERICK

DREAM OF WINTER

Through winter in a crimson coach we'll ride
And on blue cushions rest.
We shall be snug. Each corner will provide
A warm wild kissing-nest.

You'll close your eyes against the darkening pane
When night comes leering in,
And you'll not see its monstrous howling train
Of wolves as black as sin.

And then your cheek will tingle with a light,
Light kiss—as if a spider, taking fright,
Were scuttling towards your breast.

"Catch it!" you'll cry. Your head will be inclined.
That spider will be difficult to find—
He'll run far without rest.

WILLIAM JOHNSON

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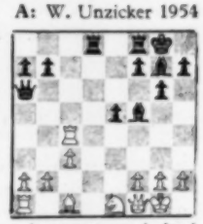
CHESS: Being Beastly to a Bishop

No. 264

With the close of entries for our study competition approaching and much interest shown in the fascinating pastime of endgame studies—a most useful pastime too for improving one's prowess over the board—here

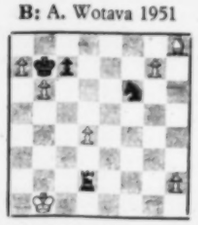
is a study I would not hesitate to call one of the most brilliant and amusing pieces ever conceived even by Liburkin. At first glance one can see that White's material preponderance is offset by the ideal position of the scanty material left to Black. How is White to survive let alone win? Since the only way to stop the P is to get the Kt to b3 the first three moves are easy enough. (1) Kt-K4 ch, K-Q6. (2) Kt-B5, ch, K-B6. (3) Kt-Kt3. So far so good, the P is stopped; but as Black plays the obvious (3) . . . B-K4, threatening immediate perdition once again, the author's sympathy evidently seems to be with his own underdog. How then is the Black B's hold on the diagonal to be made innocuous? White's next move (4) P-B4 is again forced, but what now is Black's best? To retreat the B to R1 would make matters too easy for White. He would win by (5) P queens, B-Kt2(B3). (6) Q-Kt6, B-R1. (7) Q-R5, followed by Q-K5 ch etc. Hence, Black plays (4) . . . B-B3 (Kt2) and the next few thrusts and counter-thrusts are all forced. (5) P-K8(Kt)! B-R1. (6) P-B5! B-K4. (7) B-R2! B x B. For just a moment the B is deviated from his precious diagonal, (for if he stayed on it, White would simply secure c1 by B-B4). But there is yet another surprise to come. (8) P-Kt7, B-K4. (9) P-Kt8(B)!! Why not a Q? Because after (9) . . . K-B5 ch. (10) Q x B, P queens ch. (11) Kt x Q Black would be stalemated. As it happens, there is yet another deviation, and then yet another morsel will be thrown to the wolfish B until his return to the diagonal is really innocuous. (9) . . . B x B. (10) Kt-B7!! B x Kt. (11) P-K7, B-K4. (12) P-K8(R)!! Again a Q is ruled out on account of stalemate, but now after (12) . . . B-B3(Kt2). (13) R-K6 it is all over.

A: W. Unzicker 1954



In the 4-pointer for beginners Black had just played QR-Q1 whereupon his opponent blundered by B-K3. How then did Unzicker punish him by winning the exchange. **B**—White to win—should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points if I add the helpful hint that White must somehow get rid of his own QP. **C**—White to draw—is very neat indeed (7 points), and both **A** and **C**, incidentally, pay homage to two of the foreign grandmasters coming to Hastings. Usual prizes. Entries by November 1.

B: A. Wotava 1951



C: L. Pachman 1952

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 261. Set October 2

A: (1) . . . Q-KB6!
B: (1) K-Kt7 ch, K-R2 (2) Q-R2 ch, K-Kt1. (3) Q-QR2 ch K-R2. (4) Q-B7! etc
C: (1) K-R2 B-B4. (2) Kt-B2 ch! B x Kt. (3) Kt-Q4! P queens. (4) B-B8 ch, K-Kt7. (5) B-Kt7 ch, K-B8 (6) B-R6 ch and White either has a perpetual or wins the Q.

A very pretty draw indeed; but alas, owing to a slip (while I was abroad) it was given as a win, so it won't count in the ladder. Prizes shared by J. Ecelson, E. Giles, Leslie Hale, W. T. Maccall.

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YOUNG prof. woman seeks accom. ckg. fac., access City. Facilities for piano practice additional asset. Box 1679.

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AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

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ROOM/small flat wanted. London/Sussex. Potter. 40 Kingsbury. Aylesbury, Bucks.

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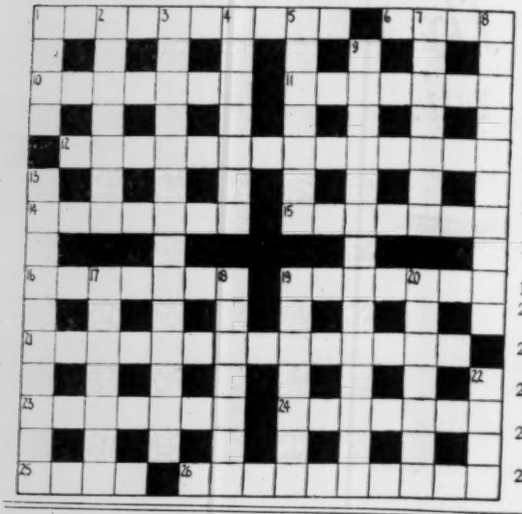

ACROSS

1. One who puts up two placards (10).
6. To respect this time has no enclosure (4).
10. Plum for two good shots (7).
11. After the master turns round begin to make it correct, although it is controversial (7).
12. Stationery which carries a crest? (14).
14. Sanction the breaking of a red nose (7).
15. Start to rush back, but not inshore (7).
16. Setbacks concerning an Eat-answill party (7).
19. With mirth and song? (7).
21. There is no point in this common bit (6, 8).
23. Rome and Rio may become more spacious (7).
24. Old folk have this place to stay in (7).
25. Ancient city in the southern states? (4).
26. Swear the fool always had his food (10).

DOWN

1. A florin for hair-cuts? (4).
2. In deity everything is upside down for the dissenter (7).
3. Material for capital mouldings? (7, 2, 5).
4. From whichever master I learn, I am unable to produce results (7).
5. In rising rank a Frenchman came into view (7).
7. Officer commanding the leading American submarine (7).
8. Bold career thus demands a historian's pen (10).
9. Easy time in the grammar lesson? (6, 8).
13. Turns back for the retired king and dispersed voters (10).
17. The rough water makes one sick in front (7).
18. Excursions I follow a long way off in a boat (7).
19. Instrument for holding grain and fruit (7).
20. State with a richly ornamented initial letter (7).
22. The churchman is not lacking in this one thing every day (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 121

C	O	W	S	L	I	P	S	■	P	E	K	I	N	G
A	■	A	■	O	■	R	■	■	R	■	N	■	R	■
P	O	R	T	R	A	I	T	■	S	A	L	V	I	A
O	■	D	E	N	■	P	S	A	■	M	■	■	■	■
N	I	L	O	T	I	C	■	A	D	U	L	L	A	M
S	■	E	■	T	■	R	I	■	A	■	■	■	■	■
■	■	■	F	O	U	R	T	H	L	E	A	D	E	R
D	■	F	■	■	E	■	■	■	S	■	S	■	■	■
R	O	L	L	I	N	G	S	T	O	C	K	■	■	■
I	■	E	■	N	■	E	■	I	■	H	■	T	■	P
L	E	X	I	C	O	N	■	C	A	E	S	U	R	A
L	■	I	■	U	■	T	■	A	■	S	■	R	■	N
I	M	B	I	B	E	■	F	L	A	T	I	R	O	N
N	■	L	■	U	■	■	L	■	E	■	E	■	E	■
G	R	E	A	S	Y	■	H	Y	D	R	A	T	E	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 121

H. S. Tribe (Sutton), Miss O. Scholes (St. Mawes), Sidney Shore (Geneva).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Persian Monitors to report in English on radio transmissions in Persian. Complete idiomatic grasp of Persian and good knowledge of current political events essential. Salary £645 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £880 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "478 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Sub-editors in News Division. Good education and journalistic experience including good sub-editorial training essential. Work involves accurate condensation of news of all kinds for use in B.B.C. news periods. Day and night shift duty. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "480 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

WEST Riding County Council. Bretton Hall. Training College for Teachers of Music, Art and Drama. Applications are invited for the superannuable post of Assistant Domestic Bursar (Catering). Salary £225 × £15 to £325 per annum with free board residence. Experience and a suitable qualification in domestic science or institutional management will be an additional recommendation and may be taken into account when fixing the commencing salary. Applic. form & further particulars obtainable from Principal, Bretton Hall, Bretton, Wakefield.

READING Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Educational Psychologist. Candidates should possess an Honours Degree in Psychology and have had teaching experience. Salary for a man will be £915 × £25—£1,115 and for a woman £815 × £20—£965. The appointment is subject to the appropriate Superannuation Acts, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Blagrave Street, Reading, to whom applications must be submitted not later than November 1, 1954.

CHAIGELEY School, Thelwall, nr. Warrington, Lancs. Special School for 50 Maladjusted Boys (Ministry of Education No. 450/7000). Deputy Headmaster (result of promotion). Responsible to the Headmaster for the educational side of the School. Supervision duties in out of school hours. Burnham Scale for Special School plus £50 responsibility allowance and a house in the school grounds. The following post is vacant from January, 1955. Write to the Headmaster for further details and application forms.

ASSISTANT Matron reqd. for Old People's Home (women) in Loughton; exp. old people essen.; apply in writing only, with copy refs., to Warden, Canning Town Women's Settlement, 4 Cumberland Rd., E.13.

SECRETARY, M/F, shorthand correspondent, working on own initiative, small office. Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Personnel Officer (woman). A large and expanding Personnel Dept., in a light engineering firm employing over 2,500 women offers an opportunity to a young woman interested in personnel work. Her duties would initially be divided between work in the Staff Record Section and assisting the women Personnel Officers in all their various responsibilities and, in particular, the selection and placing of female labour in a variety of exacting light engineering jobs. It is envisaged that the selected applicant would gain sufficient experience in about two years to qualify for a more senior appointment, but applicants are warned that initially the "job content" would be mainly of a routine nature and it is not likely that the position would appeal to a woman over the age of 25. Applications in writing, stating age, educational background and experience (if any) to Plant Personnel Officer, Mitcham Works Ltd., New Rd., Mitcham Junction, Surrey.

A MANUFACTURING company in Yorkshire with 3,000 members, a firm belief in the importance of good industrial relations, and what the board think is a reasonably enlightened personnel policy, wish to appoint a successor to their Personnel Supervisor to continue and develop that policy. Experience of a similar kind will be an advantage, but character and personality are the essential requirements for this appointment. Applications, giving full details of education, experience and present salary, should be addressed to the General Manager, Box 1715, and marked "Confidential."

STUDENT Trainee required for Canning Town Women's Settlement; to be trained for work in Old People's Welfare, Children's clubs and Family Casework, in return for board and lodging and small amount of pocket money. Write to the Warden, Settlement House, 4 Cumberland Road, E.13.

VACANCIES for Warden and Cook (man and wife) at South Littleton Polish Hostel; approximately 25 residents; give details of past experience and salary required, enclose copies of references. Apply Austen Jones, The Cottage, Badsey, Evesham.

APPLICATIONS invited, male or female, for important position in Trade Union H.O. Must be good sh./t., with interest in research and statistical work, capable of working on own initiative. Some knowledge of committee procedure preferred. 5-day week, pension scheme, minimum commencing salary £8 p.w. on progressive scale. Apply, A.G.S., N.U.B.E., 28 Old Queen St., S.W.1.

PERSONAL Secretary, lady, reqd. by General Secretary of Professional Association, Bloomsbury dist. Salary £450. Sound education & good speeds shorthand & typewriting essntl. Exp. of Committee procedure an advantage. The post is pensionable. Write Box 1633.

BOOK Publisher, London, W.C.1, requires private secretary: efficient shorthand-typist; pleasing personality; able to handle French correspondence on her own. Excellent prospects for right person. Box 1772.

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SEC. with English/French/German s'hand-typing reqd. by city firm. Good salary. Hours 9.30-5.30. Canteen facils. Box 1737.

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LECTURES etc.—cont. from p. 520

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for Oct. 26: "The Theory and Practice of Meditation." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free. Lectures on Yoga also every Wed. and Fri., 8, at 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public Lect. Suns., 8 p.m. Oct. 24: "Whither Evolution?"

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assn. Oct. 25, 8 p.m. Symposium, "Zionism at the Crossroads." Speakers Barnett Joiner, M.P., and Abraham Abrahams. Eccleston Hotel, Eccleston Square, S.W.1 (nr. Victoria Coach Stn.), 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SOCIALISM, Power and World Relations. Fabian Autumn Lects., Livingstone Hall, Westminster, fr. Oct. 26. Sir Richard Acland, P. M. S. Blackett, J. Bronowski, R. H. S. Crossman, Patrick Gordon-Walker, Christopher Mayhew, Hugh Seton-Watson, Francis Williams. Dets.: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY College, London. Free Public Lectures on Folk-Lore on Wednesdays at 5.30 p.m. in the Gustave Tuck Theatre. Oct. 27.—The Acadamic Approach to Folk-Lore Studies, Professor Dag Strömbäck. Nov. 3.—Folk-Lore and the Drama, Mr. Arthur Brown. Nov. 10.—Folk-Lore and Literary Fiction, Dr. George Kane. Nov. 24.—Folk-Lore and the Landscape, Dr. K. A. Sinnhuber. Dec. 1.—The Importance of English Folk-Lore, Dr. Margaret A. Murray. Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped env. reqd.)

INFORMAL Pottery Course, Dec. 29-Jan. 5, conducted by Murray Fieldhouse. Distinguished guest lecturers and demonstrators. Beginners' Group. Details, etc., from Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts.

RETIREMENT, Planning for: Nov. 26, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Creative Writing" (Drama) with E. Billingham.

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ENGLISH reading and conversation for foreign students. FLAxman 9855.

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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PERSONAL—continued

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NEW Family House, S.E.15. Close excellent shops and easy travel City & West End. Well-planned with 3 double beds., 2 reception, bathroom and kitchen. All well fitted in mod. style. £2,975. Freehold or low deposit terms. Apply owner, Box 1610.

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Half the world's children live in squalor and die in want. Poverty, hunger, ignorance and disease are their common lot. It is the task of the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) to assist the nations in tackling these great evils. Please send a generous contribution to:

UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION, 25, CHARLES ST., LONDON, W.1

ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30 (Sun. Club 7.45). "The Cruel Daughters," Balzac.

ARTS (TEM. 3334), 7.30 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun. 5.0 & 8.0. "Saint Joan." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Montserrat." Fris., Sats., Suns., 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Nty. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30 "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incids. Guest Ticket.

STOLL (HOL. 3703). Evgs. 8, W. & S. 2.30. Ingrid Bergman in Honegger's opera, "Joan of Arc." Full Symphony Orchestra. Cast of 100. Directed by Rossellini.

OPERA Circle. Edward Downes introduces Offenbach's Tales of Hoffman with members of Covent Garden cast. 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Sun., Oct. 31, 8 p.m.; Walton's Troilus and Cressida, introduction by Christopher Hassall with members of Covent Garden Cast. Sun., Dec. 5, 8 p.m. Partics.: Hon. Secretary, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

EMPRESS Hall, Earls Court, Sat., Nov. 6, 7 p.m. Opening Celebration of British-Soviet Friendship Month, November, 1954: 37th anniversary of the U.S.S.R. H.E. the Soviet Ambassador, Aram Khachaturian, composer. Andrianova and Vlasov, Simonova and Tarabanov, dancers from the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow; Ognitsev and Varshavskaya, singers from the Bolsho: Theatre; Shubin and Shubina, acrobats; Mesheriakov, juggler. Chairman: John Platts-Mills. Pat Sloan, Robert Cotton. Medvedev's Estrada Orch. Tkts. 2s., 3s., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from British-Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order. 10 per cent discount on block bookings of 10 plus.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Maxim Gorki Trilogy. Until Oct. 24: Part 2. "My Apprenticeship" (U). From Oct. 25: Part 3. "My Universities" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre. South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat. Oct. 23. Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra in "Everybody's Cheering" (U). 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Oct. 24, 7.30. "Vacances de M. Hulot." U. France.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Programmes of Art Films for Adults. Sunday 2 & 3.30 p.m Oct. 24. Adm. free "Children Learning by Experience," "Shapes and Forms," "Paradise Lost."

ASIAN Film Society presents "Rahi" in English, an Indian film based on Dr. Mulk Raj Anand's famous novel, "Two Leaves and a Bud," depicting the life of the people on a tea plantation in Assam. Producer-director K. A. Abbas will introduce the film Sun., Oct. 24, at 6.30, at Scala Theatre. Mems. & their guests. Annual memship. 10s. or ½-yrly. 5s. Apply A.F.S., 11 Greek St., W.1.

"MY Apprenticeship" soon Hammersmith Film Soc. Enq. Townhall, RIV. 6011, 11 major films 15s., guests 2s. 6d. (Adv. only.)

RAMBLERS' Reunion on December 11 at the Royal Festival Hall, with dancing, folk-dancing displays, film-shows, coloured slides of rambling and mountaineering abroad, photographic and art exhibitions, etc. The evening of the year to people interested in travel and the countryside. Open to all. Tickets price 5s. (please send stamped addressed envelope) from the Festival Hall box office or from Ramblers' Association Services, 48T Park Road, N.W.1.

VALLEY View Fellowship Camp presents "Dancing in Style," at London's finest ballrooms, Victoria Halls (North Suite), Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1, on Sat., October 23 with Frank Howard and His Music and Benny England, impressionist (by arrangement with Len Kramer). Licd. bar. 7.30-11. Adm. 6s.

I.C.A., Dancing to the Dave Stevens Trio, Sat., Oct. 23, 8-11 p.m. at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., Oct. 23, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Dance, Sat., Oct. 23, 7.30-11. Artworkers' Guildhall, 7 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 3s.

CONCERTS

ROSS Pratt. Recital by the Canadian pianist. Wigmore Hall, Sun., Oct. 31, at 3. Italian Concerto (Bach); Siciliana (Bach, arr. Heaton); Variations and Fugue on Handel Theme (Brahms); Works by Ravel, Chopin, Rachmaninoff, De Falla. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall, Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore St., W.1.

SALLE Erard. 18 Gt. Marlborough St., W.1. Joyce Harwood (Mezzo-Sop.), Michael Chazan (piano), Robert Sutherland (accom.). Songs by Schubert, Brahms, Wolf. Piano works by Beethoven, Brahms, Bartok, Bloch. Oct. 25, 8 p.m. 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d.

HORNIMAN Museum and Library, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23. Free Concerts on Wednesday evenings 7.45 p.m. October 27. Ewe Folk-Tales, Children's Games, Drumming and Dancing. Dr. Cudjoe, President of the West African Arts Club. Leader: Desmond Tay. Nov. 3: Medieval Minstrels' Music. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. (1292.)

CONCERTS—continued

CHELSEA Town Hall, Thurs. next, Oct. 28, at 8. Goldsbrough Orchestra: Cond. Harry Samuel. Benjamin Kaplan, piano. First pub. perf. Eng.: Concertante Searle, first pub. perf.: Bagatelles Chagrin, Concerto Shostakovich, Quiet City Copland, Serenade Berkeley. Symphony for strings, Honegger.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, Friday, October 29. Concert, 8.15 p.m. at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W.1. Recital for prepared piano by David Tudor. Introduction by John Cage. Programme to include Battle Piece by Stefan Wolpe; Extensions 3 by Morton Feldman, Water Music by John Cage, Music for Piano 4 through 19 by John Cage, Perspectives by Earle Brown, For Prepared Piano, 4 pieces by Christian Wolff. Mems. free, non-mems. 5s. M'ship invited.

ASIAN Music Circle. Music of Japan; recital, talk and sound films. Joint meeting with Indian Students' Union at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square (off Tot. Ct. Rd.), Sat., Nov. 6, 8 p.m. Mem. 1s. 6d., non-mem. 2s. 6d. Further inf. from Sec., 18, Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Tel.: FINchley 2934.

SCHUBERT'S "Winterreise." A. Schaffer, accomp. by D. Kelly. Sat., Oct. 23, 7.30. 2 White Ct., Platt's Lane, N.W.3. 2s. 6d. incl. refreshments. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

EXHIBITIONS

CEZANNE. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Closes October 27. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6, Tues. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s

CEZANNE. Two new Ganymed reproductions from the Tate Cezanne Exhibition are in hand, "La Vieille au Chapelet" (Nat. Gall.) and "La Route Tournante" (Boston). Publication early next year.

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illus. catalogue 1s. post free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. First London Exhibitions: Pinchus Kremegne; Bryan Kneale. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes November 6.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: British Painting & Sculpture, 1954. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ABBE Breuil. Exhibition of drawings of Palaeolithic cave art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 13. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free. (Closed Mon., Nov. 8.)

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Collages & Paintings by J. D. H. Catleugh and James Hull; Watercolours by Reuvers Taylor.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Collages Exhibition. Arranged by Lawrence Alloway. Mon.-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1s., members free.

EDGARD Tytgat, paintings First Exhibition in England. Arcade Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Park Rd., W.14. Exhib. Fritz Krämer. Weekdays, 11-7, Sat. 11-5. Oct. 26-Nov. 9.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Gaudier-Brzeska, Drawings & Sculpture. Denis Wirth-Miller, "Studies of a Dog in Movement" paintings. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

ROBERT Lutyens: First Exhibition, at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., London, W.1. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until November 11.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leicester Sq., Autumn Exhibition 1954. Open 11-6 inc. Saturdays, till Nov. 9.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue and 77 Kingsway. The Hendon Group of Painters. Until November 15.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Tschelitchew Paintings and Drawings. To be opened at 3 p.m. by Dame Edith Sitwell, D.B.E., Tuesday, Oct. 26.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Members have received list of special Views, Parties, and visits to Private Collections arranged for October and November. Anyone wishing to join should apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. Membership one guinea.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Boudin, Corot, Degas, Picasso, Renoir, etc. Until Nov. 20. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

ZWEMMER Gallery. Ed. Bawden, Carel Weight, John O'Connor. Oct. 20-Nov. 11. 10-6 inc. Sats. 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2.

SUSSEX Crafts Exhibition of Pottery, Basketware, Handwoven Fabrics, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture, 8 rooms fully furnished. New restorations and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"ISRAEL and the Middle East." Your Questions Answered! Socialist Brains Trust. Panel: Anthony Greenwood, M.P., Ian Mikardo, M.P., Dr. S. Levenberg—Member of Bureau of Socialist International; Mr. L. Cornillie—Member of the National Executive Committee, Co-operative Party, Colonel N. Brosh, Jerusalem; Miss Rena Langer, Secretary Pioneer Women. Question Master: Mr. S. Goldberg—Chairman, Jewish Socialist Labour Party-Poale Zion. At Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. Monday, October 25, at 8.15 p.m.

RT. HON. Edith Summerskill, P.C., M.P., speaks on "Labour Delegation's Visit to China" to Univ. of London Fabian Society, Wed., Oct. 27, 5 p.m., at School of Oriental & African Studies, Univ. of London, W.C.1.

UNIV. of London: A lecture on "Stability and Vitality in Swedish Democracy" by Dr. H. Tingsten (Chief Editor, Dagens Nyheter, Stockholm) at 5 p.m., October 26, at London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

"RELIGION and Modern Scientific Thought"—Annual Claude Montefiore lecture by Prof. George Temple, F.R.S. (Prof. of Natural Philosophy, Oxford); Chairman, Prof. Sir Ian Heilbron, D.S.O., F.R.S., Thursday, October 28, at 8.15 p.m. at Montefiore Hall, Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

CENT. London Fabian Socy. "Internal Influences on Soviet Foreign Policy": Mr. Daniel Singer, Wed., Oct. 27, 7.30, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, Tuesday, October 26, 8.15 p.m. Discussion Symposium on Cézanne. Speakers will include Ronald Alley, William Coldstream, Benedict Nicolson, John White. Chair: Sir Philip Hendy. Members 2s., guests 3s. Wed., October 27, 8.15 p.m. Man Ray, illus. lecture. Painting of the Future and the Future of Painting. Members only 2s. Thursday, October 28, 8.15 p.m., Seminar: Books and the Modern Movement I, Lawrence Alloway on Art Now by Herbert Read. Chair: Reyner Banham. Tickets available at reduced rates for whole course and further details from Secretary, I.C.A. office. Membership invited.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, Friday, October 22, 8.15 p.m. Third in series of six illustrated lectures on Outlines of Jazz. 3. Chestnut Street in the '90's—Ragtime and its great era, by Robert Melville. Chairman: Alexis Körner. Single seats 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 26: Ashton Burall, "Culture and the Good Life." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Oct. 22: Dr. Weissmann, "The Significance of Adlerian Psychology in Everyday Life." Friday, Oct. 29: Mrs. Marianne Jacoby, "Handwriting Psychology." Adm. free.

"THE Old City of Tunhuang." Lecture by Arthur Waley, F.B.A. 7 p.m. October 26. Collet's Chinese Book Exhibition, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"SIGNIFICANCE of Gandhi To-day": Speaker: Miss Vera Brittain. 7.30 p.m., Thursday, October 28, at Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1.

"NEW China—the First Five Years." 1st Lecture, Wed., Oct. 27. Peter Townsend: "The Peasant in China." Friends House, Euston Rd. at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. Tkts. from Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 128 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TER. 2522.

PUSHKIN Club, Academy House, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Fri., Oct. 22, 8 p.m. Miss M. Chamot (Tate Gallery), Russian Ikons (with slides); Oct. 29, 8 p.m. Dr. Ida Fisher (member of the Medical Delegation which visited the Soviet Union in Sept., 1954), "The Soviet Union as I saw it" (coloured film), open to non-mems.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m. Oct. 24, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Outlook for Humanism." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LONDON Natural Health Society: Second Grand Meeting, Mon., Oct. 25, 7.29 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Stanley Lief on "The Basic Factor in Health." Free.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., Oct. 29, Dr. A. A. Bake: "Indian Folk Songs and Some European Relationships." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

ABBE Breuil. A lecture in French on Palaeolithic Cave Art. The Wigmore Hall, Thursday, October 28, at 5 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d. Tickets from Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1, or the Wigmore Hall, 36 Wigmore Street, W.1.

KENSINGTON. British-Soviet Friendship Society. Dudley Collard, Barrister-at-Law, member lawyers' delegation to Russia, on "The Soviet Citizen and the Law." Tues. Oct. 26, 8 p.m. 32 Kensington Pk. Rd., W.11.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. Annual General Meeting—members only—6.30; Inaugural Lecture "Group Psychotherapy": Dr. J. Bierer. 7.45. Thursday, October 28, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

WORLD Security. British Congress. St. Pancras Town Hall, London, October 31. Open to organisations and individuals. Details from British Peace Committee, 81 City Rd., E.C.1 (CLE. 0383), or at door.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Public Lectures. Eating and Drinking. The Story of Food. By Miss Gladys Scott Thomson, M.A., F.S.A. Tuesdays at 7 p.m., October 26, November 2 and 9. Admission free. October 26—From Earliest Times to the Middle Ages. (1281.)

ST. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Miss Dorothy L. Sayers, Professor C. S. Lewis and Mr. G. S. Fraser, poet and critic, will discuss "The Emperor's Clothes," by Miss Kathleen Nott, at 6.30 p.m., Wednesday, October 27. Admission 2s.

ASSOC. of Scientific Workers. Prof. D. M. Newitt, F.R.S., President of the Assoc., on Technical Leadership & Social Responsibility. 7 p.m. Fri., Oct. 29, Denison Hse., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. Nr. Victoria Stn.

GENERAL Zionism. The well-known Israel Zionist, Mrs. Miriam Katz (sister of Israel Home Secretary, Rokach) and leader of Women General Zionists in Israel will speak at 62 Teignmouth Road, N.W.2 (by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Boxer), Saturday, October 23, 8 p.m. Chair.: Samuel Landman. Sympathisers welcome.

"HERZL'S 'Jewish State'—Vision and Reality": Lect. by Mr. Israel Cohen. Mon., Oct. 25, 8, A.I. Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Arrgd. by Zionist Federation.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Camden Hill Rd., W.8. Oct. 30, 6 p.m. Dr. H. Beschorner: "Knut Hamsun und Svend Fleuron."

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian dialogue between J. B. Coates and R. G. Miles on "What do we mean by an existentialist psychology?" Conway Hall, Thursday, October 28, at 7.30 p.m.

LONDON Co-operative Society, Ltd., Members' Sectional Meetings, Nov. 2, 3 and 4, in 38 local districts. Watch for details on posters at your local L.C.S. shops.

DR. E. CHESSER: "The Psychology of the Scapegoat," Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green, Sun., Oct. 24, at 7.15 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture 6.30 p.m., Wed., Oct. 27: "The Essence of Buddhism": Mr. Maung Maung Ji, M.A.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "The Purpose of our Sunday Meetings." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 7 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn. Thurs., Oct. 28, 7.30: Exposition of the Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Nov. 4: No lecture.

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